AMONG THE BURMANS

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AMONG THE BURMANS



A Typical Shan

Among the Burmans

A record of fifteen years
of work and its fruitage

By
HENRY PARK COCHRANE

ILLUSTRATED



NEW YORK CHICAGO TORONTO
Fleming H. Revell Company
LONDON AND EDINBURGH

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FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY

DS
485
B84 C63



794794

New York: 158 Fifth Avenue
Chicago: 63 Washington Street
Toronto: 27 Richmond Street, W
London: 21 Paternoster Square
Edinburgh: 30 St. Mary Street

Preface

THE aim of this book is to give a true picture of life and conditions in Burma. Heathen religions, superstitions, and native customs are described as seen in the daily life of the people. Concrete illustrations are freely used to make the picture more vivid. Truth is stronger than fiction. In matters of personal experience and observation I have used the "Perpendicular Pronoun" as more direct and graphic. In matters of history I have read nearly everything available, and drawn my own conclusions, as others have done before me. If interest in "The Land of Judson" is stimulated by reading this little volume, its object will have been accomplished.

H. P. C.

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Among the Burmans

I

FIRST EXPERIENCES

THE *Chanda* was slowly making her way with the tide up the Rangoon River. Two young missionaries, myself and wife, were leaning on the rail, deeply interested in the scene before us. The rising sun, sending its rays over the land, seemed to us a pledge of the Master's presence in the work to which we had consecrated our lives. On every hand were strange sights and sounds, strange scenery, strange craft, strange people; everything far and near so unlike the old life that we had left behind. But it was something more than new sights and sounds that stirred in us the deep emotion expressed in moistened eye and trembling lip. Thoughts were going back to the time when we heard the call, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" And now that we were about to enter upon the realization of that to which we had so long looked forward, hearts too full for

utterance, were stirred with gratitude and praise. But not long were we permitted to indulge in either retrospect or prospect. As the steamer drew near the dock all was turmoil and excitement,—officers shouting their orders; sailors dragging the great ropes into place; passengers getting their luggage ready for quick removal; friends on ship and shore eagerly seeking to recognize a familiar face; waving of handkerchiefs; sudden exclamations when an acquaintance or loved one was recognized.

At last the gangplank is in place, and on they come,—officials, coolies, business men, hotel-runners, representatives of many races, and conditions, energy for once superseding rank; missionaries well to the front to extend a welcome to the newcomers.

What a power there is in the hearty hand-shake and cordial greeting! To the newcomer, who has everything to learn and much to unlearn,—this warm reception by the veterans is a link to reconnect him with the world from which he seemed to have been separated during the long voyage; a bridge to span the gulf of his own inexperience; a magic-rite of adoption into the great missionary family; a pledge of fellowship and cooperation for all the years to come.

It was Sunday morning,—though few in that motley crowd either knew or cared. Mohammedan, Hindu, Parsee, Buddhist, and "Christian"

jostled one another, each intent on his own affairs, and all combining to make this the farthest possible extreme from a "day of holy rest." Little wonder that this first Oriental Sunday was a distinct shock to the new missionaries. They had yet to learn that on many such Sundays they would long for the "Sabbath- and Sanctuary-privileges" of the home-land. But soon it became evident that the missionaries at least, were about the "Father's business," each hurrying away to be in time for the morning service in his own department of mission-work among many races. To the eye of one who has just landed in Rangoon each individual in the throng of natives on the street seems to have arrayed himself as fantastically as possible, or to have gone to the other extreme and failed to array himself at all. But at these Christian services one sees the natives classified according to race, and learns to distinguish certain racial characteristics,—of feature, costume, and custom. A congregation of Burmese is a beautiful sight, their showy skirts, turbans, and scarfs presenting the appearance of a flower garden in full bloom, but especially beautiful as a company of precious souls turned from their idols to the "True and living God."

Among our first experiences was a warm appreciation of the kind attempts on the part of the missionaries to initiate us, by means of good advice, into life in the tropics. "Now *do* be care-

ful about exposing yourself to this tropical sun. Remember, you are not in America now."

"That solar tope of yours is not thick enough for one who is not used to this climate." "Flannel next to the skin is absolutely necessary, as a safeguard against malaria, dysentery, and other complaints so common here." "Now dear brother and sister, you must look out and not let your zeal run away with your judgment. Yankee hustle won't do in Burma."

Dear souls, we thought, you mean well, but we are not subject to these troubles of which you speak. Their warnings sink about as deep as the remark of one of our party who ran down the gangplank just ahead of us: "When you have been in the country as long as I have, etc.,"—an old expression, now under the ban. A few months later we began to take their advice. Experiences leading to such action will be described further on. Two days afterwards we reached our mission station, just as the sun was going down. While picking out our "luggage" (it was baggage when it left America) we received our first impressions as to the British Indian system of checking, or "booking," as it is called.

A luggage receipt given at the starting point, called for so many pieces. Then we found that to each article was glued a patch of paper on which its destination was marked, and also a number corresponding to the number on the re-

ceipt. All well so far. The luggage clerk seemed neither to know nor care, but left each passenger to claim his own.

We noticed too that everything imaginable was allowed to be booked, a certain number of *viss* in weight being allowed free on each ticket.

To our observing eyes, each passenger's luggage indicated about how long he had been in the country, or how much he had travelled.

Some evil spirit seems to possess the luggage clerk's assistant to glue the label in a new place each time, cancelling other bookings by tearing off loose corners of old labels. This custom is specially trying to spirituality when applied to bicycles, the railroad glue having such affinity for enamel that they stay or come off together. Another thing that impressed us was the suddenness with which the darkness of night came on, as if "darkness rather than light" reigned over this heathen land, and could hardly wait for the usurping sun to disappear behind the horizon. First impressions of our new home we gained late that night, by the dim light of a lantern. Home, did I say? As we peered through the shadows it did not strike us as being a place that could ever, by any stretch of imagination, seem like home. Bare, unpainted walls dingy with age; huge round posts, some of them running up through the rooms; no furniture except a teak bedstead, and a large round table so rickety that

it actually bowed to us when we stepped into the room; lizards crawling on walls and ceiling,—interesting and harmless things, as we afterwards found, but not specially attractive to a newcomer. Oh, no,—it was not homesickness, only just lack of power to appreciate a good thing after the weary experiences of our long journey. In the night I was roused from sleep by hearing some one calling. Half awake, I was getting out from under the mosquito net, when my wife remarked, "Better get back into bed. It is only that *taukteh*, that Mrs. ——— told us about." The taukteh is the "crowing," or "trout-spotted lizard." The English call it the tuctoo, from the sound it makes. The Burmans call it taukteh, for the same reason. Some declare that it says "doctor, doctor," as plain as day. Alarming stories are told of this terrible creature; how it loses its hold on the ceiling to alight in a lady's hair, and that nothing short of removing scalp and all will dislodge it. The worst thing we have known it to do was to wake the baby in the dead of the night, when we had got fairly settled to sleep after hours of sweltering. I have shot several for this unpardonable offense. The taukteh's sudden call in the night causes some children to suffer much from fright, though no harm is intended.

Our house was situated on a narrow strip of land with streets on three sides, and school

dormitory in the rear. Just across one street was a native Police Guard, but we did not know what it was until next morning. We had come into our possessions after dark, so knew nothing of our environment. These were dacoit times. Disturbances were frequent. Of course our ears had been filled with exciting stories of dacoit atrocities. The incessant and unintelligible jabbering of the Paunjabby policemen, sometimes sounding as though they were on the verge of a fight, and the sharp call of the sentry as he challenged passers-by were anything but conducive to sleep through that first night in our mission bungalow.

The new missionary has many trying experiences while becoming accustomed to the changed conditions of life in the tropics. Judging from our own experience and observation, covering many years, it seems utterly impossible for the returned missionary to transmit to the new missionary, while yet in the home-land, anything like true conceptions of the life upon which he is about to enter, and how to prepare for it. Either the new missionary has theories of his own which he fondly imagines never have been tried, or he considers himself so unlike other mortals that rules of living, developed by long experience, do not apply to one of his own peculiar physical make-up. But whatever his attitude of mind towards the new life and work, the fact re-

mains that he has dropped down in the midst of conditions so unlike anything in his past experience that he must learn to adapt himself to life as he finds it. The first place to apply his gift of adaptation is in the household. First experiences with native servants are decidedly interesting, to say the least. Our cook "Naraswamy," "Sammy" for short,—came to us highly recommended, and neatly clothed. We had not yet learned that the poorer the cook, the better his recommendations (often borrowed from some other cook), and the neater his clothing,—also borrowed for the purpose of securing a place, but never seen after the first day or two.

One day when "Missis" was giving directions about the dinner she called Sammy and said, "Sammy, how many eggs have you?" "Two egg, missis." "Very well, you make a pudding the best you can, with the two eggs." At dinner no pudding appeared. "Sammy, where is the pudding?" Putting on a sorrowful look Sammy replied, "I done break egg" (spreading out his hands to indicate the two eggs), "one got child, one got child." When Sammy felt fairly sure of keeping his place, his two little boys began to spend much of their time in and around the cook house. One of our first rules was that no child should be allowed to go naked on the mission compound. These two dusky youngsters had not a thread of clothing. Sammy was called

up and instructed that if his children were coming to the mission premises, they must be properly clothed, at the same time presenting him with a suit for one child. The next day they came again, with smiles of satisfaction, one wearing the trousers, the other the jacket. Many of these Madrassi cooks are professing Christians, merely to secure a place in a missionary family. A small minority are Christians in fact. But whether a heathen cook sneaks off with a stuffed turban, or a professed Christian appropriates our food quietly humming "I love to steal,——" the resulting loss to commissariat and spirituality is the same.

Madrassi cooks, almost without exception, are dishonest. They will jealously guard "Master's" property against the depredations of all comers, but help themselves to a liberal commission from the daily Bazar money,—and catch them if you can. This has been their custom for many generations, and is their right, from their point of view.

When engaging a cook it may as well be kept in mind that his pay is so much a month, and ———. He will fill out the blank to suit himself.

Take his Bazar-account every day, and make him show the articles charged for, but do not congratulate yourself that he has made nothing by the transaction. And yet his prices may be quite as low as his employer could get. Find

fault with the quality of the meat, and he will bring a better article, but short weight. A stranger might conjecture that the meat was selected for its wearing qualities, as one would buy leather; or that they had heard of the mummified beef found with one of the Pharaohs, and decided that only such was kingly food.

The cook is supposed to board himself. He does, and all his family connections. Just how he does it may never be known, but "Master" pays the bill, in "cash or kind." Bengalee cooks are much more desirable, but hard to get. Mrs. Judson's testimony to the faithfulness of her Bengalee cook may well be repeated here.

"I just reached Aungpenla when my strength seemed entirely exhausted. The good native cook came out to help me into the house; but so altered and emaciated was my appearance that the poor fellow burst into tears at the first sight. I crawled on to the mat in the little room, to which I was confined for more than two months, and never perfectly recovered until I came to the English camp. At this period, when I was unable to take care of myself, or look after Mr. Judson, we must both have died had it not been for the faithful and affectionate care of our Bengalee cook. A common Bengalee cook will do nothing but the simple business of cooking; but he seemed to forget caste, and almost all his own wants in his efforts to serve us, . . . I have

frequently known him not to taste food until near night, in consequence of having to go so far for wood and water, and in order to have Mr. Judson's dinner ready at the usual hour. He never complained, never asked for his wages, and never for a moment hesitated to go anywhere, or perform any act that we required."

The dhoby (washerman) is always a source of much distraction. He takes away the soiled linen on Monday, *promising* to bring it back on Saturday; carries it to the riverside, stands in the water facing the shore, pounds it out on a flat stone with swinging blows, and,—brings back what is left. Garments worn perhaps but once, are found on spreading out, to be spoiled by long rents or mildew. Socks that have been filled with sand in order to strike a harder blow, still retain enough sand to cause much discomfort. One or two pieces are missing altogether. He promises to bring them the next time. In the meantime he has probably hired them out to some person of mixed blood and principles, or native aping European habits. The sweeper, waterman, and other native helpers slight their work, or perchance, with the poorest excuse, and that not made known until afterwards,—absent themselves altogether. "But why"—some will ask "is it necessary to employ these native cooks, washermen, etc.?

"Many of these women who go to the foreign

field as missionaries' wives were accustomed to do much of their own work here at home,—why not do the same over there, and so avoid the expense,—as many of us who support them have to do?" In the first place, many of the missionaries have only one servant who is paid for full time, that is the cook. All others do a little work night and morning, their wages being made up by serving several different families. Again, it would be a physical impossibility for the missionary's wife to do the cooking and washing, adding the heat and smoke of an open fire to the tropical heat of the atmosphere. Some have tried it, only to give it up as utterly impracticable. Others have persisted in it, only to be laid away in a cemetery in a foreign land, or to return hopelessly broken in health, to the home-land.

It cannot be done. Moreover, it would be the height of folly for the wife to spend her time and strength over cooking utensils, dish-pans and wash-tubs. The wife, as truly as the husband, has consecrated her life to the Master's service. There is work for her to do, among the women and children, that he cannot touch. The missionary's wife whether touring with him among jungle-villages; visiting from house to house in the town; working in the school; making her influence felt in the church; or even when prevented by family cares or failing health—from

engaging in active service,—she furnishes the object lesson of a well-ordered Christian home, her life is of just as much worth to the cause of Christ as is that of the missionary whose helpmate she is. I can do no better than quote Dr. Herrick's beautiful tribute to her worth: "I never yet saw a missionary's wife whose companionship did not double her husband's usefulness. I have known more than one whose face, as the years of life increase took on that charm, that wondrous beauty that youthful features never wear, the beauty of character, disciplined by suffering, of a life unselfishly devoted to the highest ends. One of the choicest things of missionary work is the unwritten heroism of missionary homes. It is the missionary's wife who, by years of endurance and acquired experience in the foreign field, has made it possible, in these later years, for unmarried women to go abroad and live and work among the people of eastern lands."

When a young man or woman has once settled the burning question: Is it my duty and privilege to go as a missionary? and has become fully pledged to that service, there is an intense desire to get to the scene of action as soon as possible; to enter upon the grand work of proclaiming Christ where He has not been named.

We had not long been in our new home before Burmans, both Christian and heathen, began to call to see the new teachers. They evidently

wanted to welcome us as their missionaries; and we, in turn, wanted them to know that love for them, for whom Christ died, had brought us among them. But how helpless we felt! An exchange of smiles, a hand-shake, a few words that neither party could understand,—that was all.

We found ourselves utterly powerless to communicate to them one word of all that was burning,—had been burning for years, in our hearts. Then it was that the fact fully dawned upon us that before we could hope to do effectively the work to which we had consecrated our lives, a difficult foreign language must be mastered; that we must keep our consecration warm, from the A B C of a strange tongue until the time when, through the medium of that tongue we could tell "the story of Jesus and His love." First in order then, is to get right down to hard boning on the language of the people among whom the missionary is to labour. He who fails to gain a strong hold on the language during the first year, will labour under a disadvantage through all the years of missionary service. Burdens are thrust upon him more than enough to consume all his time and strength. Hundreds of villages in his large district furnish a strong appeal to postpone study.

The climate soon begins to effect him so that he seems to lose the power to study. In-

heriting a large organized work he is forced at once into service as a full-fledged missionary, before a pin-feather of experience has had time to start. Interruptions are frequent and unavoidable. How to find time for language study is indeed a serious problem,—*but he must find it*, if his life is to tell for Christ, at its best. Moreover, the missionary must master practically two languages before he is fully equipped for service, —the language of the book, and the language of the people. The formal style of classical Burmese would be as out of place in the jungle as the colloquial Burmese would be in the pulpit. In the one case it would not be understood, in the other it would give offense,—for one may not "talk down" to even a native audience. Hence, to be effective the missionary must at the same time be faithful to study, and to real contact with the people. It is no easy matter, after one has struggled through all the years of training in the home-land, thumbing Latin, Greek, and Hebrew Lexicons until he fondly thinks that his training has been completed,—to get right down again to the A B C of a new language. Here he meets something, that will test the soundness of his consecration and of his *staying* qualities. From first to last our great missionaries have been men who have thoroughly mastered the language of their people. But it is perfectly wonderful how the natives will listen respectfully to the most

laborious attempts to speak to them in their own tongue. Not a smile at the most ridiculous mistakes, not a word or sign to indicate that they are not really understanding what you are driving at. This excessive respect sometimes leads to serious consequences. The missionary, thinking that he has made himself understood, is disappointed and hindered because things do not come to pass. The native is not wanting a sense of humour, and if he feels sure that you will enjoy the joke, he will point out the mistake, and join in the laugh over it.

Unlike other languages of Burma, the construction of a Burmese sentence is the reverse of the English order. Many sentences may be translated backward, word for word, certain connective particles becoming relative pronouns, with a perfect idiomatic English sentence as the result. The eye can soon be trained to take in a printed sentence as a whole, and grasp its meaning, without stopping to render it into English in the reversed order. But to keep this order in mind, in conversation, with the word expressing action left for the last, like the snapper to a whip, is not so easy. In acquiring the language by ear a difficulty arises from the universal habit of *kun*-chewing. Never careful about enunciating his words, a wad of *kun* in a Burman's cheek adds to the confusion of sounds. With mouth half full of saliva, chin protruding to keep it from

slopping over,—a mumbled jargon is what the ear must be trained to interpret as human speech

By this time the newcomer has seen enough of the climate, and of the side of society in which he will move, to convince him that his Prince Albert coat, in which he has been accustomed to array himself "every day in the week, and twice on Sunday" must be folded away in his trunk until such a time as he takes a furlough in the home-land. A fellow-missionary consoles him with the remark that he once wore back to America the same coat that he wore to Burma eight years before. Missionaries usually arrive in November, the beginning of the "cold season." After that comes the "hot season,"—but it is difficult to tell just where the one leaves off and the other begins.

In any event, the newcomer soon "warms to his work." First the waistcoat is discarded, then the long thick coat gives place to a short thin one. For underwear, gauze flannel and singlets are in demand. Starched shirts and linen collars are reserved for special occasions. High-top shoes are relegated to the corner-closet. Even his watch hangs as an uncomfortable weight in his light clothing. In the old life he hardly perspired once in the year. Now there is hardly once in the year when he is not perspiring. The drinking-water is so warm that it seems to have lost much of its wetness. What would he not

give to feel cool again. But he has not long to wait for his wish to be more than realized. Some night, after fanning himself into a restless sleep, he will wake up in a chill, to find himself in the throes of the Burma fever, to which he was "not subject." Then he will recall the lightly-regarded advice, repeatedly violated in every particular, and now—— As this is the first attack he will get his wife to treat him the first day with the homeopathic remedies in his morocco medicine case,—his last misguided purchase before sailing.

There is nothing better to perpetuate a fever. On the second day, having recalled some more advice, his head will be buzzing with quinine, the only thing that will really help him,—as every man in the tropics knows.

II

LIVING LIKE THE NATIVES

MUCH has been said and written about "living like the natives."

Many have maintained that the missionaries should abandon their former mode of living, and adopt the customs and costume of the people among whom they labour. It is said that old maids know the most about the proper way to bring up children. It is interesting to note that advocates of this theory of missionary methods are men who never have been out of their native land, and have spent but little of their time in informing themselves as to the habits of uncivilized peoples. Prospective missionaries will do well to provide themselves with the customary outfit,—to meet their needs while finding an answer to the many-sided question,—how *do* the natives live?

For the present we will confine our investigations to Burma. Let us visit one of the native houses, and see for ourselves. Running the gauntlet of several snarling pariah dogs, we pass through the muddy door-yard, littered with banana leaves, munched sugar-cane, and waste

from various sources. The house is set up on posts, several feet from the ground, affording a shady place below, to be shared by the family and the domestic animals. The floor overhead is of split bamboo or thin boards, with wide cracks through which all sweepings fall, and *kun*-chewers lazily spit without troubling themselves to get up. At the back part of the house a corner is partitioned off for the cook-room, the stove being a very shallow box filled with earth. The cooking is done in earthen chatties over the smoky open fires. Near the cook-room is an open space where household utensils are washed and the babies bathed, the water falling through the open floor to the ground below. Month after month and year after year this filthy habit goes on, forming a cesspool from which a foul stench arises, offensive to nostrils and dangerous to health. This foul pool is a paradise for their ducks, its slime being tracked all over the place. The house is small, its thatched roof coming down so low as hardly to leave room for a full-sized door. Many of these homes have no out-buildings whatever, trusting to the pariah dogs and the crows,—the village scavengers,—to keep the premises in a sanitary condition. Some of the well-to-do Burmans live in larger better houses; showing that not only is it impracticable for Europeans to live like the natives, but that natives when able, find it wise to live like Euro-

peans. This is a tropical climate, with the temperature at 112° in the shade on the day these words were written. It would be almost suicidal for Europeans to attempt to live in such houses, even under the best sanitary conditions possible. Missionaries have lived for a time in such houses, from force of circumstances, but always to the detriment of health, sometimes with very serious consequences. To a stranger, European "bungalows" in the tropics seem needlessly large. "Globe-trotters" in general, and sometimes representatives of missionary societies, it is to be feared, visiting the tropics in the coolest season, —carry away this impression with them. In New England there is a saying "You must summer him and winter him" to find out the real worth of a man or beast. Could all who visit the tropics, or presume to write of conditions in the tropics,—spend a whole year in such a climate critics would be few, and funds for seemingly expensive, though necessary buildings less grudgingly given.

They who urge that Europeans should *clothe* like the natives would surely allow exceptions to the rule, on closer study of native habits.

Among some of the tribes of Burma the question of wardrobe and latest style would be easily solved. Clothing like such natives would greatly reduce the expense for "outfit." Two strips of cotton cloth, one for the head, the other for the

loins, would meet all requirements even on state occasions. But apart from all questions of common decency, it is to be seriously doubted whether the European would enjoy "sailing under bare poles" in a tropical sun.

The railway trains are provided with first, second, and third-class compartments. Officials and wealthy business men travel first-class. Less fortunate Europeans, and people of mixed race but with European habits travel second-class. Natives, as a rule, go third-class,—but the rule has many exceptions. Not to speak of well-to-do Burmans and Chinese, who, though unobjectionable in dress,—are inveterate smokers, the "chetties," or money-lenders invariably travel second-class. They are the wealthiest men in the county, but with the exception of coolies,—they wear the least clothing and are the most offensive in their habits. The missionaries, whether on private or mission business, being unable to bear the expense of the higher class, and striving to save for the society which they represent, travel second-class. Now that many very objectionable natives have taken to riding second-class, it is no longer respectable for Europeans, except on rare occasions when the train is not crowded. For my own part, I seriously doubt whether this habit, on the part of American missionaries, of taking an inferior place among so-called "Europeans," is a wise policy.



Raw Material (Kachins)



Kachins Sacrificing to Demons

But whether wise or otherwise, lack of funds has made it necessary.

Far from adopting the impossible costume of Chins, Kachins, Salongs and other benighted races, the missionaries are earnestly striving to develop in the natives sufficient moral sense that they may come to regard the matter of being clothed at all, as something more than a minor consideration. It is true that Burmans, Shans, and Christian Karens dress more respectably. In fact, their costume, at its best, seems to be very well adapted to the climate and their manner of life. But even this somewhat generous concession must be modified.

The customary skirt for Burmese women in Upper Burma, and more or less throughout the country, is a piece of coloured cloth about a yard square, fastened around the waist to open in front. This style of skirt is said to have been adopted by a decree of the Burman King. Multitudes of Burmese women seem to have no disposition to abandon it for something more modest, even after eighteen years of British rule. Elderly women, as well as men of all ages, wear nothing above the waist while about their work, even passing through the streets in that condition with no self-consciousness. The Burmese skirt made after the most approved pattern is only one thickness of cloth, tightly fitting the body, not such a dress as European ladies would care

to wear. Mrs. Judson, ministering to her imprisoned husband, felt compelled to adopt the native costume, to make her position more secure. But supposing the missionaries adopt the costume of the corresponding class,—the priests and nuns,—they must go with bare feet and shaven heads; all very well for the natives, but nothing short of ridiculous, as well as extremely dangerous under a tropical sun, if practiced by white people. In the interior of China the costume of the people has been found very suitable for the missionaries, and a help to winning their way. But wherever the people have become familiar with European customs, respect is forfeited, rather than gained by exchanging European customs for those of the natives.

A missionary and his wife recently returned from Africa were invited to speak in a certain church dressed in the native costume. They appeared, but in their usual attire. In the course of his remarks the missionary referred to the request that they appear in native costume, and drawing a piece of cotton cloth from his pocket remarked "*That* is the costume,—you will excuse us?"

Eating like the natives,—here comes the tug-of-war. The "backward tribes,"—Chins, Kachins, Salongs, many tribes of Karens, and others, eat everything,—from the white ant to the white-eyed monkey. Worms, beetles, maggots, lizards,

snakes, and many other such delicious morsels would form a part of one's daily diet,—a necessary part, unless the missionary has supplied himself with tinned provisions,—in which case he would not be living like the natives. But we will suppose that the missionary's lot has "fallen in pleasant places"—among the more civilized Burmans of the plains. Rice will be the centre and substance of the two daily meals. Rice, well-cooked,—the natives can do that to perfection,—is an excellent food, and finds a conspicuous place on the bill of fare at every European table. But rice is made palatable by the savoury "curry" served with it. In jungle-villages, and among poor people in the town this curry will be made of vegetables (not such vegetables as we have known in the home-land), and tender sprouts and leaves, seasoned with chillies. Devout Buddhists will not take animal life, hence meat-curries, if far from the market, may not be thought of.

If the missionary has undertaken to live among the natives and like the natives, he must learn to do without meat. They will not kill a fowl for him. If he kills one for himself, he has broken his contract. But, perchance, an animal may die of itself, then its carcass will be parcelled out to all the villagers, and the missionary will have his share. In the town he may fare better, without breaking his rule. Meat slaughtered by non-Buddhists is on sale in the Bazar every day.

Buddhists as well as others may buy and eat, for the sin is only in the killing, in which they had no part. It is nothing to them that the demand occasions the supply. So what time the missionary spends in town he may have his meat.

In spite of the commandment, "thou shalt not take the life of any living thing," undoubtedly the most important Thou shalt not—in the Buddhist creed, with the penalty of the lowest hell for its violation,—there is no lack of fishermen. Theoretically, they are the lowest of the low. But if all fishermen were to die to-day—their places would be filled to-morrow, and the market still be supplied. The natives want fish seven days in the week, if they can get it. But not even a fresh-meat or fresh fish-curry is satisfactory to the native palate until flavoured with dried fish, or with "nga-pee." In the Bazar may be found smoked and dried fish in great variety, very tempting to the native, but betraying the fact that too many hours under a tropical sun were allowed before curing. This fish is often eaten raw, in blissful ignorance of the microbe theory,—indifference would be the better word, for their "microbes" frequently are visible to the naked eye. If these organisms have not actually eaten part of the fish, they are considered so much clear gain to the consumer. Such food is largely responsible for the great demand

for a strong vermifuge in the treatment of sickness.

Now we come to "nga-pee" proper, regarded by the Burmans and several other races, as essential to a well-flavoured meal.

"The smell of nga-pee is certainly not charming to an uneducated nose,"—said a writer on Burmese customs,—a statement that has passed unchallenged. There are many varieties of nga-pee, but to all the remark quoted may be applied. The most common is called fish-paste or "Burmese butter," made from the smaller fish which are caught in large quantities, as smelts are in the home-land. The fish are spread on mats under a tropical sun, just as they come from the water, and left there until in a condition which an "uneducated nose" would not care to investigate.

They are then mashed to a paste,—a very easy matter,—salt is worked into the mass, and then it is packed away to drain. The oily juice is carefully saved in earthern jars, a highly prized liquid flavouring. When well drained the nga-pee is taken to market in sacks or in bulk, the indescribable odour always going a mile in advance, when the wind is right. Passengers by river-steamers sometimes find themselves sandwiched in between two cargo-boats loaded with nga-pee, fairly sizzling under a broiling sun. Passenger trains halting at stations sometimes stand

over against a few carloads of nga-pee on the side-track, filling the passenger-compartments with an odour rank and unbearable. And yet this vile stuff is eagerly devoured by all races, and must be allowed a place in the missionary's meal, if he is to "live like the natives." Nga-pee furnishes only one, though a very self-assertive one of the many offensive smells of an Oriental Bazar. Many fastidious people never go to the Bazar, for fear of contracting some kind of disease. There is much in the condition of these places to furnish ground for such fears. And yet I never have heard of disease being so taken. It would seem that one odour counteracts another, completely foiling all evil intentions of the spirit of sickness.

III

CUSTOMS OF THE BURMESE

THE Burman is the proudest mortal on earth. Indeed, he is not of earth, according to his own belief, but has descended from fallen angels. Many ages ago certain Brahmas came down from the celestial regions to dwell on the earth. By adapting themselves to the habits of ordinary human beings, they themselves gradually became human. From these Brahmas or fallen angels, the whole Burman nation descended.

The Burman recognizes no superior. The superior advantages of a training in the Western world counts for nothing, because the Burman cannot appreciate such advantages. At one time when in conversation with a Burman official recognized as one of the ablest Burmans in the country, I dilated upon the extent, power, wealth, and resources of the United States, in answer to his many questions about my country.

Wishing to impress him, I made the figures as large as conscience would allow. At last he summed it all up in the self-satisfied expression—"About as big as Burma, isn't it?" A difference of about 70,000,000 in population was not

comprehended. He could conceive of nothing bigger or more important than Burma. The Burman kings posed as the Head of Religion. The king was more than human. His subjects were his slaves, with no legal right to anything which he might crave for himself. He could compel them to perform any labour he saw fit to impose. His titles indicate his high estimate of himself: "His glorious and excellent Majesty, Lord of Elephants, Lord of gold, silver, rubies, amber, and the noble serpentine, Sovereign of the Empires of Thunapurtanta and Jambudipa, and other great Empires and countries, and of all the Umbrella-bearing chiefs, The supporter of Religion, Descendant of the Sun, Arbiter of Life, King of Righteousness, King of Kings, and Possessor of boundless dominion and supreme wisdom." That is all. It was well to be somewhat modest, as an example to the people.

The king was "Lord of the White Elephant," for short. That in itself ought to have satisfied a man of ordinary ambition, inasmuch as the white elephant was a sacred animal, and had the "power of making its possessor invincible." "The white umbrella was the emblem of sovereignty in Burma, and its use was limited to the king and the images of Gautama." The Buddhist priest must be content with a more modest title than "Pongyi," the name by which they

are now known,—for pongyi means "Great Glory," and could be applied only to the king. But when the king fell into the hands of the English the title "Great Glory" went broadcast —to minister to the vanity of the thousands of priests and to be retained by them as a monopoly. Burman officials to this day are equally proud of their titles, from the highest in the land down to the Ywa-Thugyi, the village headman. To address any official by name instead of his title, would be a gross breach of etiquette. In the king's time official etiquette was scrupulously observed, even towards prisoners of the official class. Royal blood must never be shed, even in executions. A blow from a bludgeon on the back of the neck of the stooping victim,—or in the case of females, a blow on the front of the neck settled the account. Nor might royal victims be buried. The body, enshrouded in a red velvet sack, was taken in a boat to the middle of the river, and thrown in. It is said that this was sometimes done without the formality of an execution, a few stones in the sack answering the same purpose. Crucifixion was also common. It is claimed that in many instances the victim was first put to death and then the mutilated body bound to the bamboo cross and exhibited as a fearful warning to evil-doers. Dread of being crucified led thousands to migrate to British territory after the annexation of Pegu. The

ugly terms "imprisonment," and "execution" were never used at the court of the king. There was a "keeping by" and a "clearing away," to suit the caprice of the king, scores and hundreds being massacred at once, on the merest suspicion of conspiracy. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," was true of Burman kings, and they had a way of making all others of royal blood equally uneasy.

One of the causes leading to the last Burmese-English war, was the famous "Shoe question." According to the Burmese custom, sandals must be removed outside the entrance, whether of private residence or royal palace. When a subject of however exalted rank was admitted to the presence of the king, he must come in his bare feet, and approach in a crouching position so that his skirt would prevent his feet being seen by the fastidious eyes of the king. Heads have been lost for violation of less important rules of etiquette. Representatives of the British Government were compelled to follow this humiliating custom,—though they were graciously allowed to keep their stockings on,—and to sit on the floor at a respectful distance from His Majesty, Lord of the White Elephant, etc., etc. The Briton thought this inconsistent with proper respect for the government he represented, to say nothing of his own personal feelings. Diplomatic negotiations were delayed, for the



POUNDING RICE

haughty king would allow no deviation from this humiliating custom. Although the war was not declared on this issue, English officials who had been required to remove their shoes, found great satisfaction in requiring the king to remove his crown. The custom of taking off one's sandals when entering any house still prevails. Entering with sandals on could only be interpreted as a deliberate insult. When a European enters a monastery he is expected to take off his shoes, though the priest does not insist upon it—when informed that it is not European custom.

If twenty men come to see the missionary, the last man must step over nineteen pairs of sandals at the foot of the stairs. But when it comes to head-gear, the custom is reversed. While Europeans would take off their hats, the Burmans do not remove their *gaung-baungs*, or turbans. The *gaung-baung* is usually of gaudy silk, and worn at all times, even at worship, by both Buddhist and Christian.

When Saul had been informally proclaimed King of Israel, the people "despised him, and brought him no present." This would not have happened in Burma, as the attitude of men from whom presents would naturally be expected,—unless perchance they had ceased to value that portion of their bodies above the shoulders. Whether king, subordinate official, or private citizen, a present suited to the weight of the mat-

ter in hand was an essential preliminary to a hearing. Under British rule, Burman officials do not openly perpetuate this custom. They now content themselves with bribes quietly presented, usually through a third party, in place of the present once openly offered. But in social life the custom of making presents is a recognized matter of etiquette, even when visiting non-official superiors. It commonly takes the form of a tray of the choicest fruit procurable. But in the majority of instances it finally appears that some favour or other is being sought.

Poor people sometimes come with a bunch of plantains or a few oranges which they beg us graciously to accept as a token of their great esteem, and then hang around the place waiting for a return present of ten times the value of their own. The European soon becomes suspicious of presents as likely to prove more expensive than the regular Bazar rate.

A missionary to the Indians in British Columbia relates a story which, so far as motive is concerned, might have been matched in Burma. One day an Indian gave them two fat ducks. "What shall I pay for them?" "Oh, nothing, they are a present for the missionary." The Indian hung around, remained to dinner, ate one of the ducks, remained through the afternoon, ate the equivalent of the other duck, remained until bedtime, when the missionary hinted that

perhaps he had better go home to see if his wigwam was where he left it. "I'm only waiting." "Waiting for what?" "Waiting for the present you are to give me for the present I gave you."

A peculiar custom that always impresses the newcomer, is that of doing obeisance, called "shikkoing." When the devout worshipper counts the beads on his rosary he repeats the formula with each bead "Lord, Law, Priest—the three precious things" or objects of his worship.

As a counterpart of this formula he goes through three prostrations, with palms together, bowing his face to the ground in honour of the three precious things of his creed. These prostrations are also gone through at confessional before the priest,—one of the "precious things" before mentioned. He does not enumerate his sins, but lumps them, declaring that for all the sins he has committed he prostrates himself three times, in honour of the three precious things, and hopes thereby to be freed from all punishments and calamities. In respect to both spirit and method this custom reminds one of a certain man who used to hang his clumsily written prayer to the bedpost, saying as he crawled into bed, "Lord, them's my sentiments." After his lump-sum confession he receives the priest's benediction, which is practically the same as absolution, and goes away, the self-complacent pharisee that he is.

What astonishes and shocks the missionary is to find a heathen Burman at his feet going through this seeming act of worship. He feels as horrified as did Paul and Barnabas at Lystra. But he afterwards learns when he comes to understand the Burman better,—that these prostrations before superiors are not intended as acts of real worship. He is merely showing his humble respect, as a preliminary to some appeal for favour.

English officials require from non-Christian natives the same tokens of respect that were in vogue prior to the annexation. Native Christians are exempt from all customs which savour of Buddhism.

The idol and the priest alike represent Gautama, the only god the Buddhist knows. The attitude of the Burman mind may be illustrated by what a Burman Christian boy told me of his experience when he visited his native village. In response to an invitation he went to see the old priest, who had known him as a child. The priest was held in honour both by virtue of office, and his advanced age. The young Christian went through the customary prostrations respectfully, and then said, "I do not shikko you as God, but because I do not know of any other way to show my respect." The heathen Burman is in the same difficulty when he appears in the presence of a foreigner whom he wishes to honour.

This Oriental mode of showing reverence, not necessarily worship, throws light on the word "worship," so often used by Matthew.

The Burman is a religious animal, both terms emphasized. He has many religious festivals, and every festival is a feast. The casual observer would see but little difference between the street processions of weddings and funerals. There are the same tom-toms, the same grotesque dancing, the same stuffing of insatiable stomachs. Among Chins and Kachins such occasions are scenes of drunkenness and disorder. Not so among the Burmans. Many have contracted the drink habit by contact with Europeans, but the use of intoxicants has not yet become a national vice. The Burman attends all feasts and festivals because it is unchangeable custom to do so; because everybody else will be there, and he enjoys being in a crowd; because it gives him an excuse for abstaining from work, which he does not enjoy; because he can array himself in his best silk skirt and gaung-baung, and will find all the ladies there similarly arrayed; and most of all because whatever the occasion, it will be a feast. During the rainy season, which coincides with "Buddhist Lent" no feasts or festivals are held.

Funerals cannot always be postponed, especially as there is much sickness in the rainy season, but weddings are prohibited. Courting may

be indulged in on the sly, to shorten the process when Lent is over.

At the beginning of Lent there is a great festival, entered into with enthusiasm because it will be the last for several months. At the end of Lent there is another great festival, hilariously enjoyed because the dull rainy Lenton period with its round of Duty-days without the craved accompaniments is over at last. Even the priests enjoy it, for presents to the monasteries, which had fallen off during Lent, will now be renewed. The young are again free to pair. The whole town is illuminated. Fire-balloons are sent up, with reckless disregard to safety of their houses. All are bent on having a good time. It is a religious festival, to be sure, each separate observance being in honour of some *nat* or divinity—but there will be time enough to meditate on all that afterwards. For the present it is a round of picnic enjoyment.

The Burman era began in 639 A. D. The New Year begins in April.

The month is reckoned from midway between two full moons. Any Burman can readily give you the date, according to the Burman system, but very few have mastered the European calendar. The date is given as so many days before or after the full of the moon. The New Year is always celebrated by the "Water-feast." Offerings of pots of water are taken to the monaster-

ies, the images of Gautama given their annual washing down, and then the show begins. Boisterous young men arm themselves with buckets or chatties of water, frolicsome damsels with cups, and the boys with bamboo squirt-guns, each and all bent on douching everybody else. By some means or other everybody gets his share. He would feel slighted if he did not receive a due share of liquid attention. The use of water at the beginning of the year has a religious significance,—but let the priest and the pious attend to that. The young folks are in for a jolly good time, and they get it. At the beginning of November there is another feast in honour of the time when Gautama Buddha made a visit to the celestial regions to preach to his mother. Then on the full moon of November another feast in honour of the time when Gautama became a Buddha under the bawdee-tree. Lesser feasts occur at intervals until Lent begins again. What with all the religious feasts, the weddings, ear-borings, funerals, etc., etc., the Burman suffers no lack of enjoyment. He manages to get some fun out of everything, the funeral being no exception. He will dance and sing on the way to the cemetery, and race bullock-carts on the way home. The funeral of a priest often resolves itself into a tug of war. Two stout ropes are attached to each end of the four-wheeled cart on which the casket has been

placed. The crowd divides itself into two parties, the ropes are seized, and the struggle begins. Up the street the cart is dragged with a great hurrah, until reinforcements strengthen the opposing party, then the cart takes a lurch in the other direction, its lofty spire swaying in a threatening manner. Back and forth goes the cart, the exciting contest sometimes lasting for hours. Merit is gained by drawing the pongyis' remains to the funeral pyre. Of course the pyre-ward side must ultimately win, or there would be no cremation.

The rope-pull is sometimes resorted to in much the same manner to break a prolonged drought. Whether successful or not, as rain-makers, they have the sport. Is the Burman lazy? he certainly has that reputation, and I never heard it disputed by employers of Burman labour. His services would be better appreciated were he as punctual at the beginning of the day as he is at its close, and as diligent in the use of his tools as he is in keeping his cheroot lighted. He must have some credit for hard work to leave so many things undone. At "turning off work" he has no superior. He invariably turns off all the work he can,—and does the rest. And yet when one reflects that outside of the delta nearly all of the hard work of cultivation in the plains is done by Burmans one feels compelled to reconsider his verdict as to the Burman's capacity for work.



DANCING GIRLS

No man can tell by a Burman's clothing whether he is rich or poor. All that a man hath will he give for a silk skirt. In " the good old times " when the king's will was law subordinate officials made demands for money wherever appearances indicated that money existed, to make up the amount of revenue called for. It was then good policy to dress below one's ability rather than above it, or one might find himself in an embarrassing situation. Moreover, certain material, style of cut, etc., was reserved for royal blood. But when the king fell, and the Burman found that the conqueror's method of raising revenue was by equitable taxation, royal customs went to the winds. Young men and maidens, and even the middle-aged blossomed out in gaudy array on festive occasions, though there might not be a pice of loose change to back it. Of all the races of Burma the Burmese are the cleanliest and dressiest. The costume of nearly all races, at its best, is fairly respectable and suited to their manner of life,—if they would only keep it clean and keep it on. When one is about to die the friends say, " Think not of friends or of property, —think only of God." This sounds hopeful, but it is well known that these spiritual advisers have in mind only the brazen image of Gautama, found in every village, the only god they know.

When a death occurs the pongyis are invited

to the house, not to console the living, but to perform certain rites on behalf of the dead.

First a priest repeats a formula something like this, "He worships God; he worships the law; he worships the clergy," friends assuming the attitude of worship as substitutes for the deceased. The priest continues—"He kills not, steals not, commits no offense against his neighbour's wife; lies not; drinks not. He has all his life been careful about these things." The formula ended, one of the friends drops water from a gurglet or cocoanut shell into a glass, to accompany another formula by the priest, "May the deceased enjoy the food of the *nats*. May the nat of the earth bear witness." The person who pours out the water drawls in a loud voice, "Ah-mya-myo"—in great abundance and variety, the people responding, "Thah-doo, thah-doo"—it is well, it is well. At the grave, or in a *zayat* nearly the same ceremonies are repeated. The priests have already been feasted at the house, and now presents are given on behalf of the dead, that he may enjoy the same blessings in the abode of the nats. The priests do not usually accompany the procession, but go in advance to the zayats near the cemetery. At death a small coin is placed in the dead man's mouth to pay his ferry fare across the mystic river of death. Without the coin for the ferry he could not cross, but would have to return to this world to suffer

—nobody knows what. The use of the coin is said to be dying out. The coffin is swung endwise over the grave seven times (sometimes docked to three) as a good-bye, and to give the deceased a good start towards the great Myin-Mo Mount, the abode of the nats.

Human nature is much the same the world over. Courtship and marriage are universal customs. Methods differ, but motives are the same.

The majority of marriages are for love, or for something that has been mistaken for that sentiment. When a Burmese young man and maiden fancy each other well enough to indulge in playful flirtations at pagoda feasts and other public occasions it is pretty sure to develop into something more serious. The young lady is not likely to let a good chance slip by. Old-maidhood is dreaded by all, except the comparatively few who become nuns, and many of them are said to have become nuns because disappointed in love. Lover-like attentions may not be given openly. Clandestine meetings would scandalize the whole community.

At about nine o'clock in the evening the young man, accompanied by his friends approaches the house of the maiden whose charms cause his heart to thump against his ribs. He finds her awaiting his coming. But they are not to enjoy a fond tête-à-tête by themselves. Several young lady friends are sitting on the

open veranda with her,—and the old lady peeking through a chink in the bamboo wall. It is courtship under difficulties, but it means business just the same. The rules of propriety have been observed, the parents are satisfied. As for the rest, trust the young folks to find ways and means to enjoy themselves as lovers do the world over. Accepting presents of jewelry from a young man is generally recognized as an engagement. Many a maiden has allowed her fondness for jewelry to lead to complications from which she has difficulty in extricating herself. According to old Burmese law the sole right to select or reject suitors was vested in the parents. The daughter, until twenty years of age, was entirely under their control.

The Dhammathat says: "Amongst men there are only three ways of becoming man and wife, which are as follows: First, a man and woman given in marriage by their parents, who live and eat together. Second, a man and wife brought together by the intervention of a go-between, who live and eat together. Third, a man and woman who came together by mutual consent, who live and eat together." In question of property rights the most importance is attached to the first method. A marriage without the consent of the parents, if the girl is under twenty, may be cancelled by the parents, if action is promptly taken. The girl may reject

the man to whom she has been betrothed by her parents, but her decision is recognized only after she has run away from him and been forcibly restored three times. In like manner a girl who has been taken in marriage without the consent of her parents must be restored to them three times. If she then returns again to her husband the parents' claim upon her is forfeited, because the "Owner of the daughter could not control her." Widows and divorced women are subject to no control. While all this is Buddhist law, the girl, as a matter of fact, does about as she pleases in the matter of accepting or rejecting, just as they do in other lands, whether she is under twenty or not. Neither Buddhist law nor established custom renders any kind of a marriage ceremony essential, nor is registration of the marriage necessary. "Living and eating together," constitute all desired evidence of marriage.

The first eating together is something done in the presence of witnesses and so becomes in itself a simple wedding ceremony. This happy-go-lucky custom makes it exceedingly difficult to settle any questions in law growing out of such a marriage. A couple may prove that they are, or are not husband and wife, as best suits their ends. In Christian lands the wife is sometimes taken home to live with her mother-in-law.

In Burma the situation is reversed, the young husband going to live with his wife's parents.

By a generally accepted division of labour the wife is the burden-bearer, while the husband gets the glory for what is accomplished. Husband and wife are going into town to exchange a basket of rice for a supply of putrid fish and other necessaries of life.

The wife carries the basket, weighing seventy-five or one hundred pounds, on her head, the husband with only his *kun*-bag slung over his shoulder walking ahead at a gait which she finds it difficult to follow.

The load may now and then be rested on a convenient stump, or the considerate husband helps to lower it to the ground and raise it to her head again. So accustomed have they become to this arrangement that it never occurs to either party that the man might carry the load part of the time. Familiar as is this custom, it never fails to stir in my soul an indignant protest. But the " worm may turn," if pressed too hard.

A poor woman was going to the station to take a train. On her head was a heavy load, and on her hip a child. Tears were trickling down her cheeks. The husband, carrying nothing but his umbrella, was persistently tormenting her. At last she deposited load and child on the ground none too gently, and pitched into him with great fury, cuffing, scratching and screaming all at once, until he gave her a wide berth.

It was one of the most refreshing sights ever

witnessed, in this land. According to Buddhism the male is far superior to the female. No woman can cherish the slightest hope of attaining to Naik-ban. Her highest hope and prayer is that in the next, or some future existence she may be bŏrn as man, and so take a fresh start. But in this life the Burmese woman holds a higher place than is enjoyed by her sisters in any other Oriental land. If divorced from her husband she can take away whatever property she brought when married, together with all she may have gained by her own exertions. She is by no means a silent partner in business affairs. Usually she has greater business acuteness than her husband, and does not hesitate to have a voice in all negotiations. The Bazar is almost wholly run by the women, each having her own stall and keeping her own accounts in her head, for she cannot read nor write. At this point women seem to be inferior, but it is because they were excluded from the monastic school, and never had a chance. Vastly better than her indolent husband or brother she knows how to make money and keep what she makes. While Mohammedan and Hindu women are shut up in harems and zenanas, the Burmese women walk the streets with head erect, puffing their huge cheroots without the slightest thought of being the "weaker vessel." The energy of the Burmese women saves the race from going to the wall.

From courtship and marriage we pass by a natural transition to child-life in Burma. The crop of babies never fails. Parents would as soon think of failure of the rice harvest as of a failure to add annually to the population of the village, and the disappointment would be about the same. If nature did not defeat the barbarous methods of native midwives there would be no child-life to describe. But in spite of methods that would soon depopulate more civilized lands, every town and village is just romping full of children. Boys run naked until six or eight years of age, and girls until one or two. Many a time have I seen parents, wrapped in blankets, huddled around a fire in the cool season while their infants and small children had not the slightest protection. There is no intentional neglect, for the parents love their children, but it is "custom." This custom supplements the ignorance of the midwives, and adds to the number of shallow little graves in the adjacent jungle for the parish dogs to fight over. But baby has its cradle for its frequent naps. This is made of wood or wickerwork, and suspended from a bamboo in the floor or roof above. Sometimes this swinging cradle is a wide strip of cloth tied together at the ends, with the baby deposited in the loop. Baby has not long been in the world before it has a name. The name depends on the day of the week in which it was born. Cer-



TATTOOING

tain letters of the alphabet are assigned to each day. The baby's name must begin with one of the letters assigned to its birthday. There is no family name, nothing to indicate to what particular family a child belongs. Each day of the week represents some planet, from which it takes its name. The planet assigned to a particular day will influence the life of a person born on that day, and determine his temperament. The naming is done when the baby is one month old. On the previous day invitations are sent around to the elders of the village, who by eating a pinch of pickled tea from a cup sent by the messenger,—accepts the invitation to be present at the ceremony, the parents make ready a supply of food, a feast being an essential part of every ceremony. Invited guests bring presents of money, precious stones, or jewels, which they cast into a large jar of water set there for the purpose. Some of the more valuable presents are merely lent for the occasion, but they help to make a show. When the guests have enjoyed their pickled tea, betel-nut, and cheroot, several of the elders proceed to bathe the baby in the vessel containing the presents. Another repeats a benediction calling for the continuous welfare of the child, but limits it to one hundred and twenty years. From the centre of a circle of coins on a dish of rice a cord of cotton thread is taken and bound around the child's wrist. One

of the elders now announces the child's name,—previously decided on by the parents,—as if it were the happy result of his own meditations. This ceremony is to the Burman and Shan what a christening is to many in other lands, in its relation to a child's future. An interesting naming ceremony was held by two couples of native Christians, in my mission. The missionaries and native Christians were invited to a prayer-meeting. After the meeting a number of Old Testament names, written on slips of paper, were put in a hat borrowed from the missionary. The first fond father to put his hand into the hat drew for his offspring the name Daniel,—which he would pronounce Dan-ya-lah. The other father got Moses as a name for his son. Dan-ya-lah and Maw-shay they are to this day.

It is interesting to watch little children at their play. With sun-dried marbles, large seeds, or peculiarly-shaped sticks, plays have been improvised, which, in the course of years, have become national games for the youngsters. Boys and girls enjoy the sport together.

Before the English annexed the country the monasteries were the only schools. This is still the case in the majority of villages. But every Buddhist boy, whether he has the advantage of the English schools or not, must spend a few months in the monastery. Until he enters the monastery as a probationer he is not considered

a human being in such a sense that it would count in future transmigrations. He now receives a new name, to be used so long as he remains in the monastery. If he finally becomes a priest he retains the religious name for life.

The novitiate-ceremony usually takes place when the boy is between ten and twelve years of age. If not already familiar with life in the monastery, he is taught how to address the priests, and conduct himself generally. As this is the most important event in a Burman boy's life, the ceremony is made on as grand a scale as the circumstances and credit of the boy's parents and friends will permit. Decked in gayest costume and covered with jewelry he is placed on a pony, or, in the towns, in the best vehicle obtainable, protected from the sun by a long-handled umbrella, and conducted to the homes of his relatives, to bid them farewell. Flashily dressed men and women, boys and girls make up the procession, some of the young men dancing and singing as they go. All this pomp and show, to celebrate renunciation of the world.

The farewells being said, the candidate is reconducted to his own home, where the feast has been prepared, and an elaborate bamboo tabernacle erected, extending from the house to the opposite side of the street. Here, in the presence of the priests, friends, and a host of gaudily-dressed spectators the actual ceremony is per-

formed. The candidate's finery gives way to a strip of white cloth fastened around his loins, forming a very brief skirt. Then the barber is called in to deprive him of his long hair and shave his head. After a bath he dresses and presents himself before the priests, goes through the prescribed prostrations, repeats the memorized formula pledging himself as a novitiate, is duly clothed in the yellow robe of the order, the *thabeit* or begging-bowl is given him, and then he joins the other novitiates in their return to the monastery in which he is to live. How sad it seems to see a small boy thus shut out from the gay world, at just the time when he is fullest of fun and frolic,—but not half so sad as it seems.

Devout Buddhists may compel their sons to remain in the monastery three months, but to become a priest is not compulsory. In many places a week is the limit. Not infrequently a boy who has made the round of pathetic farewells, and gone through the whole ceremony of pledging himself to the Assembly, is back home again before night, having met all actual demands, and exchanged his fine head of hair for an interesting experience. And right glad he is to be back, for the feast is still on, and he comes in for a share of the dainties. Comparatively few give their lives to the priesthood. Some enter the priesthood later in life.

The longer the term—the greater the merit,

The number of young men to remain in the monastery is steadily decreasing. The same is true of the number of men who thoroughly understand Buddhism. The festivities have not slackened, but with less and less religious significance in the minds of participants. Having been in the monastery the boy has become a human being. But whether before or after this ceremony he must receive the signs of manhood by being tattooed from his waist to his knees. If this is not done the boys and girls will poke fun at him and call him a woman. This tattooing may be done piece by piece, at intervals, to allow time for healing of the surface covered. The sessamum-oil lampblack used for ink, pricked into the skin on a large surface causes a great deal of swelling, and sometimes fever. The professional tattooer has his figure-patterns from which the boy or his parents may select.

The figures are usually animals, set off with an ornamental edging. Few boys have the nerve to endure the pricking very long. This is overcome by a dose of opium, deadening the sense of feeling, and dazing the mind, though not to such an extent as to keep him from puffing his cheroot while the operation is going on. Besides this tattooing of imitation breeches, there are many kinds of charms, done in vermilion on the upper parts of the body and arms, as desired by the superstitious.

Schoolboys have charms to protect them against the pain of whipping, young men have charms to make them successful in their wooing. Soldiers and dacoits have charms to protect them from bullets and *dah*-thrusts, and everybody has charms to render harmless all snake and insect bites. Besides the tattooed charms, certain objects are inserted under the skin, or carried about, according to the superstition of the individual, and representing about as high a type of intelligence as does the horseshoe over many a door in civilized lands.

The custom of tattooing is said to have originated many centuries ago, when the Burmans were subject to the Shan kings in Upper Burma. The Shans, who were themselves tattooed,—branded with tattoo-marks captives taken in war, as evidence of their servility. Instead of regarding this as humiliating, the Burmans were proud of their tattooing, as marks of the king. Moreover, the despised Chins, wild tribes in the northwestern hills, did not tattoo. A non-tattooed Burman might be mistaken for a Chin, which would be humiliating indeed. Tattooing became popular, the custom spread rapidly, and now a full-grown Burman who is not the proud possessor of a pair of tattooed breeches that will last him a lifetime, is seldom found. In the jungle-villages nearly every boy is tattooed. In the towns the custom is rapidly dying out. Not

five per cent. of Burman boys in the towns have submitted to this custom. Town boys are much more afraid of being taken for countrymen than of being made fun of for departing from the time-honoured custom. In fact, the town boy is as anxious to have it known that he is not tattooed as the unbreeched village boy would be to conceal it.

The fact that at the last census nine hundred and eighty six persons were returned as professional tattooers indicates that their business is still thriving, notwithstanding the disaffection of the town dudes.

The desire to ape English customs may have something to do with this backsliding. This is also noticeable in the habit, now popular among town boys, especially in the schools, of cutting the hair short. Only a few years ago a cropped head would have stamped one as a convict.

Girls are not tattooed except possibly an invisible love-charm,—but they furnish a companion-ceremony, when ear-boring time comes round.

It answers to the time when a girl in the homeland begins to think of getting out of short dresses, to be a child no longer.

When an ear-boring ceremony is announced everything else must take second place. The day and hour are fixed by the soothsayer, but he manages to make his divinations harmonize with

the plans of the parents who engaged his services. In spite of the frightened girl's screams and struggles her ears are pierced with the gold or silver needle of the professional ear-borer, the tom-toms and horns of the band outside doing their best to drown her cries. The holes are kept open until they heal, and then they are gradually enlarged by wearing glass or metal tubes of increasing size, until finally a tube half an inch in diameter can be inserted. In the olden time the lobe of the ear was stretched much more than is now the fashion. I have seen old women with holes in their ears through which two fingers could be passed. Such ear-lobes furnished handy holders for their big cheroots. This stretching and elongating of the lobes of their ears formerly had a religious significance that is now being forgotten. All images of Gautama represent him with ear-lobes touching the shoulders, as a symbol of perfection.

Devout women,—and some of the men,—did their best to imitate his example. Ear jewelry may be inexpensive colored glass, or of gold elaborately designed and set with precious stones.

Once her ears are bored the girl puts an end to all street play with small-boy acquaintances, and poses as a young lady. Changes are observed in the style of dressing her hair; in her costume; in the use of cosmetics,—for every Bur-

mese girl, though naturally brown, desires to be white; in her bearing as she walks the street; in every pose of her graceful body. She may not have so much freedom of action as she enjoyed before, but she knows it will not be long until some choice young man will want her, to adorn his household.

The one universal custom, common to all, both men and women, boys and girls alike, is the filthy habit of *kun*-chewing and smoking. The *kun*-chew is made up of part of a betel (areca) nut, chopped fine, and an astringent green leaf of a certain vine. A little lime-paste, usually coloured red, is spread on the leaf, then it is wadded up and jammed into the side of the mouth, with the betel nut. Saliva soon accumulates. To expectorate would be to lose some of the small pieces of the nut before the good had been extracted. Attempts at conversation are ridiculous and nauseating in the extreme. When the mouth can retain its load no longer its contents are discharged through a crack in the floor.

The white pony of a lady-missionary was once tethered under a native house for the night. What was the lady's disgust the next morning to find her beautiful pony all stained and bedaubed with vile red *kun*-juice. Smoking is begun before teething is finished. I myself have seen a mother take a lighted cheroot from her own mouth, and put it in the mouth of a wee child in

her arms. Burmese ladies consider a cigar the finishing touch to their preparations for a dress-parade. But the Burman cigar contains but a small proportion of real tobacco leaf, otherwise the smoke-habit would soon kill off the race. They cannot both chew and smoke at the same time, but the twin habits keep them so busy that they accomplish little else. It is said that the Burman "smokes between chews, and chews between smokes."

It is simply marvellous how far a Burman can smell a rupee, and what methods he will employ to get it. Has the mission work to be done by carpenters, cartmen, etc., heathen Burmans are not wanting who will regularly attend chapel services, and pose as devout inquirers so long as the job lasts. I have known fortune-tellers, teachers, court-clerks, and common rice-cultivators to become pretended disciples with no other motive than to become preachers. They know that the native evangelists have regular salaries, and that the missionary takes a fatherly interest in their welfare, giving medicine when they are ill, advising when they are in difficulty. Though the salary is not large, it secures a fairly comfortable living, which is more than many a heathen is sure of the year round. So the wily heathen comes to our people, pretending to be deeply interested in Christianity, applies himself to learn all he can, attends worship,

and finally asks for baptism, with every appearance of sincerity. One year we drew a prize, "Saya Tike" he was called. "Saya" because he had charge of a small private school. He was past middle age, of uncommon intelligence, and fine bearing. A more earnest and devout inquirer, to all appearances, we never met. After some months of waiting he was baptized and received into the church. Then began his tale of woe. In consequence of his becoming a Christian his school had been broken up. Persecutors had broken into his house and stolen his clothing. Friendless, penniless, and out of a situation, he appealed to the missionary for something to do. Being fairly handy as a carpenter he was given such work on the mission buildings. After about two weeks he suddenly disappeared. Some weeks passed before we could get any clue to his whereabouts. Then one day one of our preachers met him in a jungle-village wearing the yellow robe of a Buddhist priest. When asked why he had left the mission he complained that instead of being employed as a teacher he had only carpenter work to do. He preferred being a "pongyi," and have his food given him. Some months later he again turned up at the mission, professing repentance for his backsliding, and asking to be received back again. Our faith in him had been badly shaken, but we tried not to show it. If we would only give him citi-

zen's clothing in place of his yellow robe he would gladly go to work again. Giving him the benefit of a doubt I arranged with my right-hand man to give him a *longyi*, such as the other men were wearing. No, he did not like a longyi, but must have the more stylish *puhso*. His taste not being gratified, back he went again to his heathenism. We soon learned that all his pathetic stories of persecution had been trumped up for the occasion, to excite our sympathy, and secure a position.

One day a strange Burman came to the mission. He said that he was a Christian from a mission fifty miles away. On the train he had been robbed of his clothing and the little money he had. All he wanted was to be kept over night, and money enough to pay his way home. The case was referred to me. I placed the required sum in the hands of my man "Friday" with instructions to give it to the applicant should he prove worthy. The next morning my man came to report, and to give back the money. I said to him, "Well, Ko Ngi, how did you find out that he was a humbug?" Replying in broken English, he said: "Last night we have meeting (evening prayers). I think, you proper Christian, I make you pray. He no know anything. He can't pray proper. Then I say—Your Saya (missionary) how many chillen? He say 'Four little boy, so much big.' I know he Saya

done got *five* chillen,—one *so much girl*," indicating with hand a full grown young lady. So he had sent the man away without the hand of fellowship, and returned the money.

Among non-Christian Burmans sin, of whatever sort, is sin only when discovered. "How could it be sin when nobody knew anything about it?" Deceit is practiced without a pang of conscience so long as the game can be worked.

The missionary is kind-hearted, supposed to have plenty of money, like other "Europeans," and is considered legitimate prey.

IV

CHIEF RACES OF BURMA

RELIABLE history of Burma dates back only to the early part of the eighteenth century. Burmese chronicles claim to cover a period from seven to eight hundred years before the Christian era. The Burmese language certainly was not reduced to writing earlier than the fifth century of the Christian era.

Early history is founded upon legend. Doubtless many of the events recorded actually happened, but their dates are hopelessly mixed, and events themselves distorted by exaggeration. Measured by their records of the Burmese-English wars of the nineteenth century, in which every reverse was written down as a great victory, —all of the history prior to the eighteenth century is utterly untrustworthy. Much may be learned from other sources, but the information is at best fragmentary and conflicting. In 1795, the time of the first "Embassy to Ava," historical facts dating back to the early part of the century were gathered and verified. From that time the history of Burma, compiled by Europeans, is fairly continuous and accurate. In giv-

ing a brief sketch of the chief races of Burma, the main facts of history will appear. The chief races, in order of numbers, are the Burmans, Shans, Karens, Talaings, Chins, and Kachins. Taken in the order of priority, the Talaings, according to the theory which seems to me to have most in its favour,—come first in order. This theory is that they were the first of all the many races of Burma to migrate southward from Tibet, or neighbouring parts of Asia. They seem to have been of the same race as the Burmans. They still retain the same general characteristics and customs, and cannot be distinguished from the Burmans where the two races mingle. The time of this migration is not known, but it may safely be placed many centuries before the Christian era. It is probable that they gradually drifted southward until they reached Burma. The Burmans, coming from the same general source long afterwards, failed to recognize the Talaings as having any kinship to themselves. The fact that the Talaing language is utterly unlike the Burmese, both in root words, and in construction of sentences indicates that the two races, or two sections of the same race, as the case may be,—were kept quite distinct prior to the migration of the Talaings. The Burmans, who held the Talaings in contempt, finally became indebted to them in a threefold manner,—by the adoption of the Talaing system of writing, the Buddhist re-

ligion, and the sacred books in which it was recorded.

The sacred books were brought to Thatone from Ceylon, by Buddhist missionaries not earlier than 386 A. D. These books were written in Pali, which is still the religious language of Buddhism. The Talaings soon reduced their own language to writing, not adopting the Pali characters, but drawing chiefly from the Tamil, with a change from the square to the round shaped letters.

It is well known that there was a colony of Tamils near Thatone at that early date. The old theory that the Talaings descended from the Telugus, and that their original home was in Talingana, is now generally discredited. Little is known of them prior to the Christian era, scant mention of them being found in Burmese chronicles, and having none of their own, covering their early history. Whatever chronicles they may have had were destroyed by the Burmese conquerors.

The Talaings seem to have been in control in the first century, A. D., from the Gulf of Martaban to the upper Irawadi. They founded Pegu in the sixth century, but lost it, as well as Thatone to the Burmans in the eleventh century. The present city of Pegu was founded by the Talaings in the sixteenth century, and they have since been known as Peguans. The term *Ta-*

laing is said to have been applied to them by the Burmese as a term of reproach, the word meaning "the down-trodden." They call themselves *Mons*,—but "Talaings" they will be, so long as they maintain a distinct existence. In 1385 they were again in power at Pegu, and two years later at Martaban. In 1410 they had extended their sway to Arracan, which they held until 1423. The Talaings of Pegu and Martaban were conquered by the Burmans in 1551. But in 1740 we find them again to the front. Taking advantage of the recklessness of the Burman king the Talaings, in alliance with a colony of Shans living near Pegu, seized that town, and soon afterwards were in possession of Prome and Toungoo. In 1752, aided, it is said, by renegade Dutch and Portuguese, and with firearms procured from European traders, they invaded the upper country, capturing and burning Ava, the capital of the Burman kingdom. Three years later Alaungpra recaptured Ava, driving the Talaings southward, and in 1755 followed with his army to Rangoon, destroying the Talaing power. The Burmans having regained possession of the whole country, retained control until they had to yield to the greater power of the English. Descendants of the Talaings who remained in the Pegu district, have practically lost their identity, readily and willingly passing as Burmans. The main body retired to the country

east of the Gulf of Martaban. In consequence of an exodus, probably more than one,—of Talaings into Siam after unsuccessful wars with the Burmans, joining the many already in that country, there are now more Talaings in Siam than in Burma. It is even claimed that Siam got her code of laws from the Talaings. The census of 1901 gives the number of Talaings in Burma as 321,898. The number will increase year by year, as many are returning to Burma from Siam. Thousands of Talaings scattered through the country doubtless returned themselves as Burmans, without so much as recalling that their ancestors were Talaings. Many prophesy that the Talaing language will in time, die out. This may be true, for the Burmanizing process is slowly, steadily, irresistibly going on. Nearly half of the Talaings in Burma speak Burmese, many of them speaking Burmese only. But this still leaves a large body beyond the reach of Burmanizing influences, waiting for the gospel in their own tongue. If the Talaings—as a race, are to be evangelized in this generation or the next, the gospel must be given to them in their own language.

THE BURMESE

The original home of all so-called indigenous races is still in doubt. The bulk of evidence seems to be in favour of the borders of Tibet as

the original home of the race known as Burmese. To one who knows the characteristics of these people it is difficult to conceive of such a migration, except under compulsion. In the census report of 1901 we find them described as follows: "The Burman as we know him, is essentially a non-migrating, unbusinesslike, irresponsible creature, perfectly incapable of sustained effort, content with what can be gained by a minimum of toil." That the race ever voluntarily left its original home, whatever the attraction, seems incredible. The Burman himself solves the mystery by claiming celestial origin. Brahmas dwelling in the celestial regions came down to dwell on earth. At first they existed as semi-supernatural beings, living above the ordinary appetites and passions of men. By extending their diet to kinds of food not allowed to such beings they gradually lost their supernatural attributes, and finally became like ordinary mortals. The Burmans proudly claim lineal descent from these Brahmas. Their argument, quite conclusive to themselves, is based on the similarity between Brahma and Bam-ma, as they call themselves. Philologists, with cruel disregard for the feelings of these people, have utterly spoiled their pretty theory. Brahma is a Hindoo term, introduced long after the Burmese migration. So now there is nothing left to substantiate their cherished belief,—

except the national habit of wanting to eat everything they see. In both history and religion legend is inextricably mixed with facts and fancies imported with Buddhism. Burman tradition, backed by ancient ruins on the upper Irrawadi, assert that Sakya tribes from central northern India, migrating by way of Manipur, settled in Upper Burma a few centuries before the Christian era. It is difficult to account for such ruins as are to be seen at Tagaung, on any other theory. These ruins can hardly be the remains of work accomplished by any of the indigenous races of Burma, in their barbarous condition. The claim that the first Burmese monarchy received its stimulus from these Indian princes can neither be proved nor disproved. In any event whatever remained of the foreign tribes was assimilated by the Mongoloid peoples who were first in the land.

An incursion of Shans before the opening of the Christian era, themselves forced out of western China, seems to have caused the downfall of the kingdom of the Indian tribes, if they really had one.

Shans, rather than Burmans, then became supreme in the upper Irrawadi valley. Not until as late as the eleventh century did the Burmans regain their supremacy, and even then the Shans continued to hold the country north of Bhamo. In the Burman war of conquest in

Buddhist Shrines

the south at this time, the main object was to secure the Buddhist Scriptures, known to be in possession of the Talaings at Thatone. These sacred books, obtainable in no other way, were essential to the king's purpose to reform the imperfect Buddhism of the north. There is some evidence that Buddhism was introduced into Upper Burma from India, by way of Manipur, several centuries before it was brought to Lower Burma from Ceylon.

It is evident that Upper Burma did not have the Buddhist sacred books prior to the eleventh century. Northern Buddhism was only superadded to the existing rites of *Naga*, and spirit worship.

In the south the sacred books had already been translated from Pali into Talaing, but not into Burmese. With the importation of the sacred books into Upper Burma, and their translation from Talaing into Burmese, the real history of Buddhism among the Burmese began.

It is not known when this translation was begun, nor when the Burmans, by adopting the Talaing system, reduced their language to writing. Some of the later translations of Pali writings into Burmese direct, were made about the beginning of the nineteenth century.

The Burmese "Pagan Monarchy," weakened by bad government and luxurious living, came

to an untimely end in the thirteenth century, through an invasion of the Chinese. The Shans in the north held the balance of power, and may have agreed to the subordination of Burma to China, as the Chinese have always claimed.

In the fourteenth century a new king, nominally Burmese, but connected with the Shans,—came into full power, and founded Ava. But early in the fifteenth century (1426) the Burmans lost their capital and all the territory north of Toungoo and Prome, to the Shans. The new city of Toungoo, built about this time, was the seat of an independent prince. Pegu had been ruled by kings of Shan race since 1281. In 1538–9 the Toungoo Burman prince, Tabin Shwe' Htee, conquered Pegu, in the following year Martaban, and after being proclaimed king in Pegu, extended his sway in 1542, as far north as Pagan. Two years later, with an allied army of Burmans, Shans and Talaings, he invaded and conquered Arracan, but not Chittagong. But his success as king at Pegu was short-lived. Expensive but fruitless wars, and excessive dissipation turned the people against him. He soon became the victim of a conspiracy and was treacherously murdered. In 1551 the Burmans were again victorious at Pegu, pursuing and destroying the Talaing king. Three years later they regained Ava from the Shans, but retained the capital at Pegu. Pressing his successes, the

Burman king, in 1557, conquered the Shans in the extreme north of Burma, and a little later at Thibaw, Mone and "Zimme"; northern Siam becoming tributary to Burma. Steps were taken to make the then non-Buddhist Shans (many were doubtless already Buddhists), conform to the Buddhist customs of the Burmese. The Burman ruler, Nawartha, was now what his ambition craved,—the "King of Kings."

But before the end of the century Pegu and all the territory south to Tavoy had been lost. Between 1600 and 1613 a Portuguese adventurer named Philip de Brito reigned as king of Pegu, with residence at his own fortified city of Syriam. By the marriage of his son with the daughter of the king of Martaban, the cooperation of that section was secured. In 1612 De Brito and the king of Martaban marched against the prince of Toungoo, who had broken faith with De Brito by forming an alliance with Ava. "They plundered the city, burned the palace and retired." This high-handed aggression soon reacted on his own head.

The Burman king advanced from Ava with an immense army, laid seige to Syriam, and starved the garrison to surrender. De Brito, who had been guilty of many sacrilegious acts, destroying pagodas and other sacred objects in search of plunder, could hope for no mercy at the hands of his captors. The leading Portuguese were

slaughtered. The remainder, including the women, were carried away captive to Ava as slaves. Their descendants may now be found throughout Burma, many of them being Roman Catholic priests. In 1634 Ava was made the permanent capital.

An immense pagoda was built, and a costly image of Guatama cast to add to the sacredness of the place, and to the merit of the king.

But Burman fortunes were uncertain. Ava the Great was taken and burned by the Talaings in 1752. Not long were the Talaings allowed to hold the Burman capital. A Burman who took the name of Alaungpra, with wonderful vigour and ability rallied his people. Little more than a year had passed when Alaungpra recaptured Ava. In 1755 he took his armies southward, conquering as he went, not content until he reached Dagon. There he founded a new city, which he designed should be the chief port of Burma, and named it Rangon (or Yangon), the word meaning the war ended.

A legend says that Dagon village was founded and the Shwe Dagon pagoda built in 586 B. C., which is probably within a few centuries of the true date. The village was rebuilt by the Talaing king of Pegu about 744 A. D. The great pagoda, upon which an expensive *htee* or umbrella had been placed in 1540, was still further improved, "to rival the one at Pegu." (The present *htee*

was placed on the Shwe Dagon pagoda in 1871, by Mindon Min.) But the Talaing capital of Lower Burma, Pegu, had not yet been taken. We have seen that in 1613 Syriam was destroyed by the Burmans because of De Brito's aggressions.

Now, in 1755, both British and French traders were established there. During the struggles between the Burmans and Talaings, the Europeans hardly knew which should have their favour and help. Everything depended on being on the side which should prove victorious.

Alaungpra, after securing Rangoon, returned to Ava. This was interpreted as a sign of weakness, and thereafter the Europeans openly showed their sympathy with the Talaings. When the Talaings attacked the Burmese, they were assisted by the ships of both British and French.

But alas, Alaungpra returned early in the following year. After a blockade of several months Syriam was taken and destroyed, including the European factories. The principal Europeans, after being held a short time as prisoners, were put to death. The downfall of Pegu soon followed, marking the end of Talaing supremacy.

Six years later, 1762, Sagaing became the capital of the Burmese Empire. Passing over the wars with Siam, Manipur, and China, we find the capital changed, in 1783, to Amarapura, a new city built for the purpose. The following

year Arracan was invaded and conquered. The most valued booty was an immense brass image of Gautama, cast in the second century, said to possess miraculous powers. This image, taken over the mountains, a wonderful feat, was placed in a building erected for the purpose, on the north side of Amarapura, the new capital, where it may now be seen by visitors to the "Arracan Pagoda."

In 1795 the first envoy to the king of Burma was sent by the government of India. The envoy was not well received, and secured no permanent advantage. The following year another was deputed to be resident at Rangoon, instead of Ava. He met with the same discourteous treatment, and accomplished nothing. Up to 1812 five successive attempts were made to arrive at an understanding with the Burman king, with reference to political and commercial relations, but without success. Envoys were either ignored or made the bearers of insolent replies. At this time war between England and the United States was about to begin. Adoniram Judson was getting ready to sail as a foreign missionary.

In 1823 the capital was restored to Ava. A great fire at Amarapura destroying some of the royal buildings, together with certain "bad signs," induced the king to abandon the city which had been in existence only forty years.

During the previous year the Burmans had overrun Manipur and parts of Assam, and claimed the territory as a part of the Burman Empire. The first battle ever fought between the Burmese and English was at Cachar—in January, 1824. The Burmans were defeated. In 1824–5 the British and native troops succeeded in driving the Burmans back into their own country. The bulk of the Burmese army had already been recalled to repel the British who were advancing from the south, war having been formerly declared in March, 1824. In the meantime the American missionaries, Judson and Price, together with all Europeans at Ava were imprisoned as suspected spies, or in league with the enemy.

After eleven months they were transferred to Aungbinle, with the intention to put them to death. The first Burmese war lasted two years.

Arracan, and all the country east of the Gulf of Martaban was ceded to the British. Rangoon reverted to the Burmese. But the most interesting result to American readers, was the release of the missionaries, Judson and Price, who were utilized as messengers to negotiate the terms of surrender. After the second installment of indemnity had been paid, and the British troops withdrawn to territory ceded by the humiliated king the following record of the affair was added to the royal chronicles. "In the years 1186, 1187 (Burmese) the white strangers of the

west fastened a quarrel upon the Lord of the Golden Palace.

"They landed at Rangoon, took that place and Prome, and were permitted to advance as far as Yandabu, for the king, from motives of piety and regard to life, made no preparation whatever to oppose them. The strangers had spent vast sums of money in their enterprise, so that by the time they reached Yandabu their resources were exhausted, and they were in great distress. They then petitioned the king, who, in his clemency and generosity, sent them large sums of money to pay their expenses back, and ordered them out of the country." The record modestly omitted to mention the fact that the strangers had permission to take with them the Arracan, Ye, Tavoy, Mergui, and Tenasserim provinces!

The whole period from 1826 to the second Burmese-English war, in 1852, was marked by heartless cruelties inflicted by successive Burman kings upon all real or suspected offenders; by persistent repudiation of the terms agreed upon at the close of the first war; and by gross insults to British representatives. The second Burmese-English war lasted a year and a half, and resulted in the annexation of the Province of Pegu, which included Rangoon and extended to a point about thirty miles north of Toungoo. In about 1837 the capital was again transferred to Amarapura, where it remained until Mandalay was founded,

in 1860, by Mindon Min. A new king, Mindon Min, was soon proclaimed at Amarapura. Throughout his reign, from 1853 to 1878, relations between the British and Burmese were greatly improved. Mindon Min was the best king Burma ever had. Moreover, the loss of Arracan, Tenasserim, and Pegu had inspired some degree of respect for representatives of the British Indian Government. With the death of Mindon, and the ascension of Thibaw, trouble began. The great massacre, in which about seventy of royal blood, including women and children, were ruthlessly butchered, called forth a vigorous remonstrance from the British Government. An insolent reply was returned, rejecting outside interference.

In August 1879 the resident at Mandalay was withdrawn. Massacres soon followed, rivalling the horrors of the past. At this time many thousands of Burmese migrated to Lower Burma to escape oppression.

Thibaw then began a flirtation with France. The Bombay Burma Trading Company was accused of defrauding the king in the matter of royalty on teak logs. An enormous fine was inflicted. Arbitration was rejected. The French were conspiring with the king to gain commercial advantages, giving them practically full control of Upper Burma, including the only route to western China. In June, 1885, the government

of India obtained conclusive evidence as to the nature of these negotiations. A demand was made that a British resident be received at Mandalay, and that Thibaw reveal his foreign policy. This ultimatum was refused. The British immediately advanced on the capital. On the 28th of November, 1885, Mandalay was taken, and King Thibaw made a prisoner. The great, self-sufficient Burman kingdom had fallen to rise no more.

French diplomatists had outreached themselves, and precipitated the annexation of Upper Burma.

On the first of January, 1886, the following proclamation was issued: "By command of the Queen-Empress it is hereby notified that the territories formerly governed by King Thibaw will no longer be under his rule, but have become a part of Her Majesty's dominions, and will during Her Majesty's pleasure, be administered by such officers as the viceroy and government of India may from time to time appoint."

It will be seen that the Burmese throughout their history have been a warlike people. The adoption of Buddhism, as the national religion, with its strict rules concerning the taking of life, does not seem to have wrought any change in this respect. The grossest cruelties were practiced, suspected conspirators slaughtered by hundreds, generals who had failed in battle, as well as others of high rank or noble blood were exe-

cuted, sewed up in red sacks, and sunk in the Irrawadi River. Sometimes the preliminary execution was dispensed with.

Victorious kings built great pagodas, at the expense of the people, to expiate their sins of bloodshed,—and then renewed the carnage.

The cruelties inflicted upon Judson and his companions at Ava and Aungbinle; the history of Burman dacoity since the English occupation; together with many other evidences,—stamp the Burman as far from being the tolerant, peace-loving, life-reverencing character that many of his admirers, on the interest of Buddhism, or Theosophy, have pictured. It is said that a professor in a certain theological seminary, seeking to cast discredit on the historical authenticity of the Book of Daniel, called the attention of his class to the unlikelihood that any Oriental monarch would have issed such decrees as are attributed to Nebuchadnezzar, in the third chapter. To say nothing of Mohammedan fanaticism, familiarity with Oriental character as exhibited by Burman kings would have dispelled the professor's doubts.

When Naungdawgyi had completed the great Shwe Dagon pagoda, in comparison with which Nebuchadnezzar's image was Liliputian, he made a decree that all peoples must fall down and worship it, on penalty of death. The majority of the people being spirit-worshippers, the decree

could not be enforced. To let himself down easily, the king commanded that a *nat-sin*, or spirit-house be erected near the pagoda. The people coming to make offerings to the *nats*—would also be coming to the pagoda, and so the decree would be obeyed, and, in time, its purpose effected. The character of the Burman king Bodaw-para, who was on the throne when Judson came to Burma, is thus described by Father San-Germano, who lived in Burma twenty years during this king's reign. "His very countenance is the index of a mind ferocious and inhuman in the highest degree,—and it would not be an exaggeration to assert that during his reign more victims have fallen by the hand of the executioner than by the sword of the common enemy. . . .

"The good fortune that has attended him . . . has inspired him with the idea that he is something more than mortal, and that this privilege has been granted him on account of his numerous good works . . .

"A few years since he thought to make himself a god." He did in fact, proclaim himself as the fulfillment of the national expectation of a fifth Buddha. Priests who refused to recognize his claims, were punished. Who can doubt that the late King Thibaw would have been quite capable of repeating Nebuchadnezzar's decree, had he thought of it, and seen any advantage in it, to himself.

The census of 1901 gives the total population of the province as 10,490,624. Of this total the Burmese number 6,508,682, while the number returning the Burmese language as their ordinary tongue was 7,006,495. The total number of Buddhists, including the Shans and Talaings, is 9,184,121. The area of the province is 286,738 square miles. To the casual visitor the country seems to be peopled almost exclusively by Burmese, and Buddhism the only form of worship, the other races inhabiting isolated parts of the country, far removed from the main lines of travel. The population of Rangoon is about 235,000. Buddhists and Hindus number about the same, with more than half as many Musalmans as of either. Fifty per cent. of the population are immigrants. Rangoon is no longer a Burman city.

In Mandalay, their last capital, and second city of Burma, the situation is quite different. In a total of 178,000 over 152,000 are Buddhists. This city has been in existence only sixty-three years. Its outward appearance is much the same as it was when taken by the British in 1885. The same brick wall, twenty-six feet high, with its crenelated top, a mile and a quarter on each side of the square, forming an impregnable (!) barrier against all comers,—still surrounds what was the royal town. On each side are three gates, reached by bridges across the wide moat, which

is kept filled with water by a connection with a natural lake a few miles to the northeast.

Inside of the walled town comparatively little now remains as it was when captured. The natives occupying thatched houses, were compelled to move outside the wall, taking their shanties with them. For this they were amply compensated by the British Indian Government. A large city, regularly laid out with straight wide streets, was already flourishing outside of the walled section. Within the walls the palace and monasteries still remain, the former now being restored by the provincial government, at great expense. Services of the Church of England are held in one of the large halls. In one of the buildings near the palace the Mandalay Club is comfortably established. Several old cannon, used by the Burmese in their wars, more for the noise they could make than for any death-dealing powers they possessed, now adorn the grounds. The king's monastery, and the queen's monastery, are objects of interest. Near the former is the site of the "Incomparable" temple, destroyed by fire in 1892. This immense structure, with its gilded columns and lofty ceiling, was the grandest building in the city. Near by is a huge pagoda within a high rectangular wall. The space enclosed is subdivided into three compartments by low walls extending around the pagoda, to



Burmese Woman Weaving

represent the threefold division of the Buddhist scriptures. These spaces contain seven hundred and twenty shrines about fifteen feet high, their tops supported by four columns. In the centre of each shrine, set like a gravestone in the cement floor, is a stone tablet about three feet wide by five and a half feet high, covered on both sides with portions of the sacred writings. The floor around each tablet is polished by the bare feet of many devotees,—for the "Law" is one of the "three precious things" of Buddhism—commanding their worship. For all this immense outlay of time and money devoted to sacred objects Mindon Min is supposed to have secured the royal merit, freeing him from the countless existences through which the ordinary mortal must pass. The prevailing impression that as a result of the monastic school system all of the Burmese males can read and write, is not corroborated by the recent census. A little less than half (490 in each 1,000) are able to both read and write. Doubtless a large majority spent enough of their childhood in the monastery to acquire these accomplishments, but, to many, they have become lost arts, through disuse. Only fifty-five in each thousand of Burmese women can read and write. Girls are not admitted to monastic schools. This small gain is chiefly due to mission schools. The demand for female education is rapidly increasing. All

Burmans, except the relatively small number of converts to Christianity, are Buddhists. Nearly all are worshippers of idols.

A sect called Paramats was founded at the beginning of last century. The Paramats will have nothing to do with pagodas and idols. They respect the ordinary Buddhist priests, as representatives of Gautama, who was the incarnation of eternal wisdom. They do not hold that eternal wisdom is reincarnated in the priests, and therefore do not worship them as orthodox Buddhists do. This eternal wisdom, which existed before the world was made, and will exist throughout eternity, fills all space, but exercises no influence over this world. Eternal wisdom is not, except in a very vague sense, personified—as an equivalent of the Christian conception of an eternal God. But the Paramats have the germ of a true belief, and, as a rule, are thinking men, which is more than can be said of the ordinary Buddhist. Numerous in the district midway between Mandalay, and Rangoon, they furnish a hopeful field for missionary effort.

THE SHANS

The Shans rank second in point of numbers. Max Muller held that the Shans were the first to leave their original home in western China. Contact with the Chinese has left its mark upon them, sufficient, apart from other evidence, to

prove their origin. Having been forced out of western China they drifted southward, and founded some of the large towns in the territory now known as "Shan-land" as early as 400, or 500 B. C.—if their own chronicles can be believed. But at this point different conclusions have been reached from the same sources of information, some accepting these dates as approximately correct, others rejecting them as too remote by several centuries. Indeed, it is difficult to determine whether the first migration was southward, or to the southwest, or whether there were two migrations simultaneously. As we have seen in our study of the Burmese, the Shans were supreme on the Upper Irrawadi early in the Christian era, having expelled the Burmese and taken possession of that part of the country. It may have been as early as 400 or 500 B. C., when they overthrew the Tagaung monarchy. My own view is that the Shans first migrated to the southwest across the Namkham valley, founding the "Maw Kingdom," which finally extended to the Irrawadi and Chindwin rivers in northern Burma. And that not until several centuries later did they extend their sway to the southeast, founding Thibaw, Mone, and other towns.

That there is a discrepancy of ten centuries or more between this view and the Shan Chronicles, in which the most striking feature is exaggeration,

need not disturb any one. In fact, a sound "principle of interpretation" of legendary history, whether Burmese or Shan, is to cut down its figures by about one half.

Near the end of the tenth century the Shans occupied Arracan about eighteen years. The Shan kingdom continued until overcome by the Burmese, in the middle of the eleventh century. They still remained in power in the far north. In 1281 Shans from Siam joining with Shans of Martaban, conquered Martaban, then with assistance of Shans from the north they captured Pegu from the Burmans. At the beginning of the fourteenth century the Shans were again in the ascendant in Upper Burma, the Burmans having been weakened by Chinese invasions. The Shans now ruled the country from the upper reaches of the Irrawadi as far south as Prome, but not including Toungoo. All Burma was threatened with Shan supremacy. This might have been realized but for the Shan emperor's own recklessness and tyranny, working his own downfall.

Kings of Shan race controlled Pegu from 1281 until conquered by the Toungoo Burman prince, Tabin Shwe' Htee, in 1539. The Shan power in the north having become weakened, the Burmese in 1554, captured Ava, and in 1557 conquered the Shans throughout the Upper Irrawadi region. Thibaw, Mone, and "Zimme" in

northern Siam, fell to the Burmans a year later. The Shans seem to have remained subject to the Burman kings until the annexation of Upper Burma; and sometimes assisted the Burmans in their wars with the Talaings and Siamese.

The census of 1901 gives a total of 751,759 Shan-speaking people.

Besides the northern and southern Shan States, a large number of Shans are still found in Upper Burma, and many Shan villages throughout Lower Burma. It is not definitely known when the Shans adopted Buddhism. There are evidences that the Shans, who were supreme on the Upper Irrawadi at the opening of the Christian era, and for several centuries after, were influenced by Buddhism introduced from India by way of Manipur, and that many accepted it. After the introduction of Buddhism from the south it spread rapidly among the Burmese, and through them to the Shans, becoming the national religion of both races.

It is said that many Shan Buddhist priests sought reordination according to the rules of the southern type of Buddhism.

The Shans established monasteries throughout their country. Under the later Burman kings, Burman priests were sent to propagate Buddhism in the Shan country. In some places the sacred books were destroyed, and other books written in the Burmese language substituted,

Burmese becoming the language of the Monastic schools for Shan boys.

Burman kings adopted the same tactics in dealing with the Talaings.

The customs of the Shans and the Burmese are much the same, but their costume is more like that of the Chinese. The same is true of the Karen costume. Though differing from the costume of the Shan, both seem to have been derived from their contact with the Chinese before their migration to Burma. The broad lopped-rim Shan hat and flowing trousers with the seat between the knees differentiate the Shan from other races. They have a written language, adopted from the Burmese,—some four or five hundred years ago,—as the Burmese had adopted theirs from the Talaing.

THE KARENS

The Karens found their way in Burma from western China ; forced southward by the Chinese. Then when the Shans were in like manner driven into Burma, the Karens were pushed on still further south, like driftwood before the tide. Their original home is uncertain. It seems evident that at a much earlier period they had migrated into western China from some place still further north. One of their own traditions is that their ancestors, in their wanderings, crossed a " river of sand."

The desert of Gobi best answers to their tradition. Other traditions point to western China as their early home. It is not unlikely that the tradition of the "river of sand" is much the older, and these traditions taken together mark the progress of the Karens in at least two widely separated migrations southward. The Karens strongly resemble certain hill-tribes now living in western China; in fact some of the Karens have identically the same customs, as these China hill-tribes, who are also said to have the tradition of a "river of sand."

There are three main divisions of the Karens, known as Pwo, Sgaw, and Karennee or "Red Karens." This threefold division antedates their migration to Burma. The Pwos, sometimes called "the mother race," are supposed to have been the first arrivals, working their way south by the way of the valleys of the Salwen and Mekong Rivers; followed by the Sgaws, and finally by the Karennees, though it is doubtful whether there was any interval between these main divisions in the general migration. But in some way they have—to this day—maintained the distinction. It is probable that for a time the Karens held the territory now known as the eastern Shan states, and all the upper Salwen region. The coming of the Shans, whether from the north or west, drove them southward, each of these tribal divisions advancing under compulsion

in the same order in which they first entered the country.

The Pwos are now found in the delta and still farther south in the Maulmain district; the Karennees farther north, bordering on the Shan country, and east to the Siam border; the Sgaws keeping to the central territory, in the Toungoo district and diagonally across to Bassein, sharing parts of the delta with the Pwos. A large body of Sgaw Karens, as well as many Pwos, are found in the Tavoy district, farthest south of all. The Tavoy Karens drifted in from Siam, not extending to the seacoast until early in the last century.

There is now a continuous chain of Karens from Tavoy far into the north of Siam. In general, the Karens live in the highlands, the Burmans occupying the plains. Formerly this was partly from choice, but unavoidable whether from choice or not, on account of the cruel oppression suffered at the hands of the more powerful Burmans. But under British rule many Karens have come down to the plains, and forming villages of their own, have engaged in cultivation. They still like to be within easy reach of the mountains, to which they resort for game and other food.

In the shady ravines they have profitable gardens of betel (areca) palms, the nut being essential to any native's happiness, and commanding a ready sale. Some writers have advanced

the theory that the religious traditions of the Karens were derived from their supposed contact with Nestorian Jews in western China. This can hardly be true—as it places the migration of the Karens to Burma at much too late a date.

The Nestorians did not begin their work in western China until 505 A. D., closing it in 1368, when they were expelled by the Mongols.

It seems certain that the Karens were already in Burma long before the Nestorian missionaries went to China. (Marco Polo's Roman Catholic mission-work in western China did not begin until 1271.)

If it is true that the large towns in Shan-land were founded by the Shans four or five hundred years before the Christian era, the migration of the Karens must be placed at an even earlier period,—but that early date is doubtful. The non-Christian Karens are, and always have been spirit-worshippers. This so-called worship is limited to propitiatory sacrifice. In this respect they are at one with all the races of Burma, not excepting the Burman Buddhists, though the latter have abandoned bloody sacrifice. Before the adoption of Buddhism the Burmans, Shans and Talaings were spirit-worshippers pure and simple. Spirit-worshippers they still are, with the forms of Buddhism for a veneering.

But the Karens have many religious traditions, so closely following the Bible accounts of the

creation, fall, flood, and other events as to furnish strong evidence that in bygone ages their ancestors somewhere were in touch with the people of God. In spite of their spirit-worship they have retained a belief in a Supreme Being, and long looked forward to the time when God's Word, which they had lost, should be restored to them. God was believed to be a benevolent Being, but so far away that he had nothing to do with men. All spirits were believed to be evil, vengeful and near at hand. Therefore the Supreme Being was left out of their worship, and sacrifices offered to propitiate evil spirits who might work harm to them, by causing sickness, destruction of crops, and many other possible misfortunes. The Karens contend that in making offerings to the evil spirits they were not showing disloyalty to the Supreme Being. They illustrate their position by the following story: "Some children left in a place of supposed safety by their parents, were so frightened by the approach of a tiger that they threw down the cliff some pigs that had taken refuge with them. Their eyes, however, were not fixed on the tiger, but on the path by which they expected their father to come. Their hands fed the tiger *from fear*, but their ears were eagerly listening for the twang of their father's bowstring, which should send the arrow quivering into the tiger's heart." "And so, although we have to make sacrifices to demons, our hearts

are still true to God. We must throw sops to the demons who afflict us, but our hearts were looking for God."

The history of the Karens in Burma has been a sad one. For centuries they had been grievously oppressed by the Burmans, who robbed them, carried away captives into slavery, and kept the Karens pent up in the most inaccessible parts of the mountain ranges.

Under British rule the Karens are safe from serious molestation, but the old feeling still remains, and they hold aloof from the Burman as much as possible. The coming of the Christian missionary, restoring to them the knowledge of the true God so vaguely known through their traditions, was the great event to which the whole Karen nation had so long looked forward. Multitudes readily accepted Christianity. By its power they were emancipated from the domination of evil spirits; the swords and spears of tribal feuds were forged into pruning hooks; and the whole Christian world rejoiced in the glorious spectacle of "A nation in a day." The census of 1901 gives a total of nearly 714,000 Karens, of all tribes. Many more are found in Siam. It has been asserted that "more languages are spoken in Assam than in any other country in the world." The same may be said of Burma. The recent census recognized fifty-seven indigenous races or tribes, and as many more non-

indigenous. In the Toungoo district the missionaries meet with several Karen dialects not mentioned in the census enumeration, but so distinct that one tribe does not understand the dialect of another.

In some localities one meets with a new dialect in each village through which he passes in a day's journey. Ye shades of Shinar! confusion of tongues,—twice confounded. It seems incredible that so many families of one race, occupying the same territory, and with practically the same habits, customs, and superstitions,—should each perpetuate for centuries its own peculiar dialect and clannish exclusiveness. The missionary or official, to do effective work among such a people, needs a small army of interpreters at his heels.

THE KACHINS

The Kachins inhabit the extreme northern part of Burma, extending as far south as the Bhamo and Namkham districts, and east into China. The Kachins are own cousins to the Nagas of the adjacent hill tract of Assam, who call themselves "Singpho." "Kachin" is a name applied to these people by the Burmans. The Kachins of Burma call themselves "Chingpaw." This quite suits their kinsmen of Assam, who look down upon the Chingpaws as unworthy the grand name of Singpho. Both terms seem to

mean "men,"—but *men* in distinction from the inferior races around them. The census of 1901 gives a total of 65,510 Kachins in Burma alone. The early missionaries held that the Kachins and Karens were of the same origin; that the Kachins were really Karens, from whom the southern Karens had become separated. This view seemed substantiated by the people themselves; by some of their customs,—such as the manner in which their houses are constructed and partitioned off; by a certain similarity of language —many common nouns said to be common to both languages, and by their spirit-worship. It is now generally admitted that the Kachins and Karens are not of the same origin. In bygone ages they may have been neighbours, if not more closely related,—in the borders of Tartary, —but at a very remote period. Certainly they did not migrate to Burma at the same time, nor by the same route. The Kachins have traditions that they migrated to Burma by way of the head-waters of the Irrawadi,—that their primal ancestor lived at "Majoi Shingra Pum." In his "Handbook of the Kachin Language," H. F. Hertz says: "I have succeeded in obtaining the views of several old men, *Tumsas* and *Faiwas*, who might be described as Kachin priests. It would seem from these that 'Majoi Shingra Pum' is a high table-land with very few trees, frequently covered with snow, and very cold.

"Now, the name 'Majoi Shingra Pum,' literally translated is a naturally flat mountain, or in other words, a plateau, and it does not need any stretch of the imagination to identify it with some part of eastern Tibet. Colonel Hannay, writing in 1847, describes tribes residing in the inaccessible regions bordering on Tartary as closely allied to the Kachins." This identifies the Kachins more closely with the Burmans and Chins than with the Karens. Moreover it is said that the Kachin language has more points in common with the Burmese than with the Karen. This is especially true of the Marus,—a tribe to the eastward, allied to the Kachins of Burma. It is not difficult to believe that all these races, in the very remote past, were neighbours in the borders of Tibet, and that while the Kachins and Burmese migrated south direct, the Karens migrating by way of western China,—the meeting of these races on Burmese soil reveals a few of the many things they once had in common.

After the Burmans and Chins had migrated to Burma, the Shans, pressing westward by way of the Namkham valley, blocked the way of further migrations from the north. The Shans are known to have been supreme in northern Burma at the beginning of the Christian era. It is probable that they peopled the Upper Irrawadi several centuries earlier. In the thirteenth century the Shans overran Assam. Not until the

middle of the sixteenth century were they finally overcome by the Burmans. Nothing is known of the Kachins in Burma earlier than the sixteenth century. They seem to be comparatively recent arrivals, working their way into Burma after the Shans had been weakened by their struggles with the Burmans. The Singphos of Assam are said to have drifted into that country but a little more than a century ago.

The Kachins have gradually forced the Palaungs and Shans before them, or isolating some of their villages from the main body. Their sudden development of power is remarkable. Political changes consequent on the annexation of Upper Burma checked Kachin aggressions. They are still spreading, but by fairly peaceable means. The Namkham district, supposedly Shan, is found to contain fully as many Kachins as Shans. Slowly but surely the Shans will be pressed southward. Before passing under control of the British the various tribes of Kachins were ever at war among themselves. Captives were sold into slavery. Retaliatory raids were constantly expected. Feuds are still kept up, though they do not have the free hand to execute vengeance enjoyed in former years.

The Kachin, from habit, is watchful and suspicious of strangers,—until his confidence is gained. Their villages are usually high up in the hills, as secluded and inaccessible as possible.

But the isolated situation of the village probably is due to the fear of *nats*, spirits,—quite as much as from fear of human enemies. One writer describes an avenue leading to the village, with bamboo posts at regular intervals, with rattan ropes, à la clothes-line, from which various emblems are suspended. Near the village "wooden knives, axes, spears, and swords are fastened to the tree-trunks. All this display is for the benefit of the nats. Like the Chinese, they do not give their demons credit for much acuteness. For one thing they believe that they can only move in a straight line. Therefore the *nats* avoid going about in the jungle, and keep to the open paths. A few judicious turns are made in the avenue, so as to turn the prowling devils off, if possible, but if he should happen to be cannoned off the tree stems in the right direction, there are the emblems to show him where the thing he is in search of may be found. If he is hungry there is the bullock's skull nailed to a tree, to indicate where food may be found; if he is thirsty a joint of bamboo points out where a libation of rice spirit has been made." These spirit-worshippers are more easily gained than the Buddhist Burmans and Shans, but they have not the traditions of the Karens to prejudice them in favour of Christianity. Morally, they rank very low,—and yet their morality must be viewed in the light of Kachin, rather than English

custom. As with the non-Christian Karens, there are certain unwritten tribal laws governing family life. Should a Kachin presume to poach on his neighbour's preserves, there would be one less Kachin the next day.

Courtship, when once the parties have come to an understanding, is conducted as a "probationary marriage." They may separate before the marriage ceremony takes place, if they weary of each other. But if they have already started a colony, marriage *must* follow, or the man "has to kill a bullock and pigs—to appease the *nats* of the damsel's house. In addition he has to pay a fine to the parents, of a spear, a gong, a *da*, and some pieces of cloth, and sometimes a bullock or buffalo." The old man is more exacting than the *nats*. Such separations do not effect the social standing of either party. It is claimed that separations or disloyalty after marriage "are practically unknown."

It certainly would not be healthy to have it known. The Kachins have their own distinctive costume, varying according to tribe and locality. But Kachin men in touch with Chinese, Shans, or Burmans, usually adopt the costume of their neighbours. The women hold to their own costume.

The religion of the Kachins, though gross spirit-worship, contains an element of truth not found in the Buddhism of the more civilized Burmans. Rev. Mr. Geis, missionary at Myitky-

ina says—" Above and beyond all *nats* to whom Kachins offer sacrifices at one time or another, they recognize the existence of one great spirit called Karai Kasang. Altars in his honour are not found in Kachin villages or houses. No priest has been able to divine what offerings are to be made to it, but in time of great danger *nats* and their offerings are forgotten, and their cry goes out to Karai Kasang for help and succour."

THE CHINS

The Chins, who number about 180,000, are thought to be of the same origin as the Burmese,—from the neighbourhood of Tibet. It is evident that they became separated from kindred tribes at a very remote period.

The Lushais of Assam, and Bengal, and the Kukis of Manipur have the same race-characteristics, and probably formed part of the original migration southward. At present the Chins, occupying the hill country in the northwest corner of Burma, are slowly pressing northward, affecting Manipur. The Chins of the hill-country are quite isolated from other races. For this reason Buddhism has never reached them. Like their kinsmen, the Kachins, they are spirit-worshippers, as were their other kinsmen, the Burmese, before the introduction of Buddhism. The Chins are divided into several tribes. The northern Chins call themselves " Yo," the Tashons call

themselves "KaKa"; the middle tribes give their names as "Lai"; the southern Chins call themselves "Shu." Since the annexation of Upper Burma, securing immunity from oppression by the Burmans many Chins have drifted down from their own hill-country and formed agricultural villages in the plains. The Chin country is about 250 miles long by from 100 to 150 miles wide. It is wholly mountainous, the highest peaks being from 5,000 to 9,000 feet. Liklang peak, the highest of all, is nearly 10,000 feet. Like all spirit-worshippers, the Chins dread the power of demons, and offer to them the same left-handed sort of worship. But their worst enemy is of their own manufacture, made by fermenting rice, millet, or corn, and called "Zu." The great and wide-spread vice among the Chins is drunkenness. Men, women, children, even babes in arms—all drink and glory in intoxication as an accomplishment of which to be proud. No act is considered a crime if committed when drunk. Many people I have seen in European and American cities must have been Chins. No function is complete without liquor. Hospitality is guaged by the number of cups of spirit dealt out, and appreciation of it—by the number of cups consumed. Again, how like many of their white cousins. "A man should drink, fight, and hunt, and the portion for women and slaves is *work*"—is both creed and practice. They have a

peculiar custom, now dying out, of tattooing the faces of the women, until the whole face, from chin to hair—is dyed a purplish black. The reason for this custom is in dispute. Some have asserted that it was to make them unattractive to their enemies, especially the Burmans, who frequently raided their villages in the foot-hills. Others claim that the tattooing was in order to increase their attractiveness to the young men of their own kind. Fortunate indeed were they if this queer custom served the double purpose of repelling enemies and attracting friends. To unaccustomed eyes the tattooed face is hideous in the extreme.

The first attempt by the British to control any part of the Chin Hills was made in 1859, but was neither continuous nor effective. In 1871 an expedition was sent into the hills to recover captives, and punish offenders. The Chins remained quiet for ten years, then broke out again in repeated raids, from 1882 to 1888. The English were obliged to undertake a systematic subjugation of the whole Chin country. This was effected in 1889–90. The expedition met with stubborn resistance, by guerilla methods. Many villages were burned by the English, as the only means of subduing the wily enemy. Many villages were burned by the Chins themselves. Near one village "a dog had been killed and disemboweled, and tied by its four legs and thus

stretched on a rope suspended between two sticks across the path to the village, its entrails being likewise suspended between two other sticks, thus barring the road. Asking the Chins what this might mean, they said it was an offering to the war *nat* to protect their village, and to ward off our bullets from injuring them." The work of subjugation had to be continued for some years, before the Chins were made to realize that the English government must be respected. The Hakas and others were disarmed in 1895. The Chin Hills are administered by a political officer at Falam, with a European assistant at other important points, as Tiddim and Haka. The morals of these benighted Chins, still further degraded by their drink habit, are what might be expected. Marriages are governed by the working-value of the bride, parents expecting compensation for the loss of her services, according to her capacity for work, and "expectation of life." This seems to have been the custom among all races of Burma. It is said that when a Chin wife is asked "Where is your husband?" she will give the required information in case he is living,—but if dead she will reply, "He is not here," and expects the subject to be dropped at that. This reminds me of a Shan girl's answer when I asked her the whereabouts of a former resident—"I don't know,—he is dead." The Chins of the foot-hills and plains

present an encouraging field for missionary work, but missionary work must be pushed with all possible vigour—to forestall the influences of Buddhism. To win them from spirit-worship is hard enough, to win them from Buddhism will be very much harder.

The dialect of the southern Chins has been reduced to writing, and is found to be strikingly similar to the Burmese, perhaps half of the words being more or less allied to the Burmese. As the southern Chins have great difficulty in understanding the speech of the wild tribes in the northern hills, it is quite probable that their own dialect has been corrupted by contact with the Burmans since their migration to Burma. The Chin dialect of the south is also said to contain many words of Shan origin. This must have come about in the same way, either by contact with Shans on the Upper Chindwin at a very early period, or when the Shans occupied Arracan about eighteen years, towards the end of the tenth century. This later contact seems much too short to have left a permanent mark on the southern Chin dialect. The total number of Animists—demon-worshippers—in Burma, Chin, Kachin, Karen, and other, is about four hundred thousand. But as we have seen, the Buddhist Burmans, Shans and Talaings, are at core, demon-worshippers, all races having in common practically the same superstitions.

V

BUDDHISM AS IT IS

MUCH has been written on Buddhism, besides the translation of the Buddhist's sacred books. Little, however, can be learned from books of Buddhism as one finds it expressed in the life of the people.

Riding one day with a missionary who had a wide acquaintance with the Burmans and their language, I asked him certain questions as to their real belief. His reply was, "No man can tell, until he finds a way to get into the Burman mind." The first business of the missionary seemed to be then to make every effort to get into the Burman mind; to study him; study his religious habits; ascertain if possible, his point of view; learn to see things from his point of view; to know what there is in him that must be eradicated and supplanted by the gospel of Jesus Christ. We see the country fairly alive;—no, *dead* with idols. We see the people kneeling before these idols, and, to every appearance praying. Are they praying? How can they be praying, inasmuch as Buddhism knows no God, —does not claim to have a God? Gautama him-

self whom all these images represent, never claimed to have any power to save others, or even to save himself. These worshippers know that he was only a man, that at the age of eighty years he died, that his death was due to an attack of indigestion (from eating too much fresh pork), as any other man might die. It is supposed that he was born near Benares, about six hundred years before Christ; that his father was a chief of an Aryan tribe called the Sakyas. From the sacred books they learn that Gautama's early life was spent in dissolute pleasure and luxury common to oriental princes; that after a time becoming dissatisfied with his own manner of life and the corrupt conditions around him, he yielded to another his princely prospects, abandoned his wife and child and gave himself up to a life of meditation and study under religious teachers; that failing in this to gain the longed-for peace of soul he for several years led a life of the most severe privation and affliction of the flesh, until by long continued meditation and self-concentration the light broke in upon him, and he became "the enlightened one,"—a Buddha. Did he not by this enlightenment become something more than man? Not at all. He had learned nothing of God, not even that such a being existed. He entertained no thought that he himself had acquired any supernatural character or power. And so he died. Even the

common people of the jungle villages know all this, and yet they prostrate themselves before these images of brass, wood, or stone. Are they praying? Perchance their hopes are based on what Gautama became, after death. According to Buddhism, Gautama had now passed through all the necessary conditions and changes, and entered at once upon the final state, the highest goal of Buddhism, Nirvana, ("Neikban," in Burmese).

Had he now become a God? Not at all. No Buddhist entertains such a thought. What then is Neikban? "It means," they say, "the going out, like the flame of a candle." By a long-continued process of self-concentration Gautama is supposed to have become absolutely oblivious to the world around him, and ultimately to have become unconscious even of self. His death is believed to have been utter extinction of both physical and spiritual existence. Some deny that Neikban is equivalent to annihilation. The best that can be claimed for it is an impossible existence in which there is neither sensation nor conscious life.

Fittingly they describe it as "a flame which has been blown out."

According to Buddhist teachings and current belief Gautama has disappeared, body and soul. Brahmins may talk of being absorbed in the "One Supreme Soul," and Theosophists glibly

repeat the form of words, but Buddhists claim nothing of the sort. There is no Supreme Soul to absorb them, and no human souls to be absorbed. It is not soul, or life that is perpetuated, but *desire* merely. Neikban, they declare, is the cessation of everything, a condition of unconsciousness, lifeless ease, they do not like to say annihilation. Then what are these worshippers doing here on their knees before images which represent no existing being? surely not praying, for they have "no hope, without God in the world"; no being higher than themselves to whom prayer could be addressed; no expectation of blessing of any sort from any supernatural source; absolutely nothing in their religious conceptions or experience corresponding to the communion between the Christian and his God.

There is no such thing as real prayer in the whole Buddhist system. What, then, are they doing? Here comes in the system of "merit" on which Buddhism is built. An instinctive sense of guilt and impending penalty is universal. Having no Saviour—man must save himself.

From what? Not from sin, as violation of the laws of a Holy Being, but from their train of evil consequences to himself.

The chief tenets of Buddhism are: (1) Misery is the inevitable consequence of existence. (2) Misery has its source in desire. (3) Misery can



WORSHIPERS

be escaped only by the extinction of desire. (4) Desire can be extinguished only by becoming wholly unconscious of the world and of self. (5) He who attains to such unconsciousness attains to Neikban. (6) Evil actions constitute demerit. Good actions constitute merit.

In this deeply grounded belief as to merit and demerit lies the secret of much that we see in the life of the people. *Now* we know what these people are doing,—they are seeking to *accumulate merit* by repeating over and over again a certain formula, or portions of their "Law" with their faces towards the,—to them,—sacred pagoda or idol.

But no Buddhist expects to attain to Neikban at the end of this existence. He realizes that it is utterly hopeless for him to think of fulfilling the conditions. But he cherishes the groundless hope that in some future existence under more favourable conditions he may be able to accumulate sufficient merit, though he cannot now. This belief presupposes the doctrine of transmigration, or metempsychosis.

The Buddhist believes that he has passed through countless existences in the past,—whether as man, animal, or insect, or all many times over, he knows not; finally, birth into this world as man. He dies only to be reborn into this or another world,—whether as man, animal, or insect he knows not; then death again, and

so through countless ages. Even Gautama himself is said to have passed through five hundred and fifty different phases of existence, including long ages in hell, before he finally entered this world as man, and became a Buddha.

Although Buddhism has no God, and no heaven, it has a very vivid conception of hell, yes,—eight of them, surrounded by over forty thousand lesser hells,—their terrors limited only by the limitations of the imagination. But no man can escape—the doctrine of Karma settles that. A man's own words and deeds pursue him relentlessly, and there is no city of refuge to which he may flee. "Not in the heavens, not in the midst of the sea, not if thou hidest thyself in the clefts of the mountains, will thou find a place where thou mayest escape the force of thy own evil actions." So say their scriptures, and so every Buddhist believes. Hell is the inevitable penalty of many deeds or accidents, such as the killing of the smallest insect under foot. Between the Buddhist and his hopeless hope of Neikban yawns this awful gulf of existences and sufferings.

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," gives the gist of Buddhism. He is now reaping from past existences; he will reap in the next from his deeds in this. In the past each succeeding existence depended upon the last previous existence. In like manner, what the

next existence shall be depends wholly upon the deeds of this life.

So the countless series of transmigrations may be, theoretically, in the ascending or descending scale. But when the awful penalties assigned to innumerable and unavoidable violations of the Buddhist law are taken into consideration all hope of future existences in the ascending scale vanishes. The poor fisherman, beginning at the very bottom of the lowest of the four chief hells must spend countless ages in each, before he can hope to be reborn as man.

The man who unwittingly puts his foot on the smallest insect and crushes out its life must atone for the deed by spending a long period in torment. Taking the life of any living thing, even to the killing of poisonous snakes, is held to be the worst of all sins. The priests, to avoid the possibility of destroying insect life, use a brass strainer finely perforated, to cleanse their drinking water, in blissful ignorance of the microbe theory. A native preacher once asked me to get him a microscope so that he might prove to the priests that notwithstanding their precautions they were drinking to themselves perdition.

His motive may have been in part, to convince them as to the futility of their hope, and in part to get even with them for their harsh criticisms of "animal-killing Christians."

A story told by one of our native preachers

vividly illustrates this dread of future punishment. "I had been preaching for about two hours to a large company in a jungle-village. During all this time an old woman was sitting on a log near by, counting off her beads, and devoutly murmuring to herself the customary formula, '*Ah-nas-sa, Dok-ka, Ah-nat-ta; Paya, Taya, Thinga, —Radana Thón-ba*'—'Transitoriness, Misery, Illusions; Lord, Law, Priest,—the three Jewels.' When I had finished I approached her saying: 'Why do you worship so devoutly?' 'To escape the penalty of hell,' she sadly replied. 'So you fear the future,—what is your notion of hell?' 'Oh, it is a terrible place. They say it is shaped like a great cauldron, and full of burning oil in which people suffer endlessly and are not consumed. And when they try to escape, the evil beings of the place thrust them back with sharp forks and spears. Oh, it is a terrible place!' she repeated, fairly trembling as she described its horrors. 'Yes,' I said. 'You seem to understand it very well. Now what are you doing to escape such an awful fate?' 'Oh, many, many years I have worshipped before the pagodas and idols; every day I count my beads over and over, repeating the formula, as Gautama directed. Do you think that after all I have done I must still go to hell?' 'Yes,' I said. 'If that is all you have done, you surely must.' 'Oh, then, tell me,' she said in great distress,

'what *can* I do to escape, for I greatly fear the terrors of that place.' Then sitting there on the log, with this poor old woman on the ground before me, I told the blessed gospel story over again, as Jesus Christ did with the woman of Samaria. And then I said: 'You must repent of your sins, and confess them to the eternal God. You must believe and trust the Lord Jesus Christ, who died to save you. If you do this He will forgive your sins, and save you.' Her wrinkled face brightened with hope as she exclaimed, 'If I do as you have said, and believe on Jesus Christ, *will* He save me?' 'Yes, He surely will, for He has said, "Him that cometh unto me I will not cast out."' On her face was an almost heavenly light—as she replied: 'Then *I do* believe, and I want to go with you that you may tell me about Him until I die.' Her friends ridiculed her saying, 'Oho! Grandma wants to go off with the preacher. She is becoming foolish in her old age.' 'Oh, no,' she said. 'But the preacher has told me how I may escape the penalty of hell, and *I am so glad*.'"

It has often been asserted that Buddhism has a moral code rivaling, if not superior to that of Christianity. We had not been at our mission station a week before we heard the remark, "Buddhism is a beautiful religion,—why do the missionaries try to disturb them in their belief?"

That there are noble precepts and commandments all must admit. But he who expects to see their "beauty" reflected in the lives of the people will be doomed to disappointment. Take the commandment already noticed—"Thou shalt not take the life of any living thing."

This commandment admits of no exceptions whatever, under any possible circumstances, not even in self-defense; and puts the taking of a human life and that of the smallest insect in the same category. But the Burmans, among whom Buddhism is found in its purest form, have been a more or less warlike race from their earliest history, often practicing the greatest cruelties. How do they reconcile this with the teachings of their law? We will suppose that one man has taken the life of another. According to his own belief and the law of the land, he is a murderer. To free himself from just and inevitable penalty he resorts to his doctrine of "merit," by which he may absolve himself from the demerit of his evil act. The building of a small pagoda of sun-dried brick, or the forming of an idol from a portion of his fire-wood log will balance the scales, square the account, restore him to his former prospects, and to future prospects as bright as though he had kept the whole law. By this convenient belief he may take his absolution into his own hands, and work it out to suit himself. But if he be a poor man, unable

to perform an adequate work of merit, he must suffer to the full the consequences of his act.

A missionary found a man digging for huge beetles. When one was found it was impaled on a sharp stick along with the others, all to go into the curry for the morning meal. Then the following conversation took place: "Are you not afraid of punishment in hell for killing these creatures?" "I shall go there if I do not kill them." "Then you do this because there is no hope for you, whether you take animal life or not?" "It is all the same." Sins beyond his power to counterbalance by merit had already been committed, until hope had given way to despair.

One may shoot pigeons in the vicinity of a Buddhist monastery, and then divide with the priest, who anticipates a savoury meal without any compunctions of conscience on account of "aiding and abetting."

Young Burmans are eager to follow the man with the gun, showing him the likeliest place to find game, and when the animal is wounded, will rush in and dispatch it with their dahs.

The fisheries of Burma furnish a livelihood to hundreds of Burmans. Large sums are paid to government annually for the privilege of controlling certain specified sections of rivers or streams. The fisherman makes the taking of animal-life his business and daily occupation.

Theoretically he is ranked among the very lowest classes. In real life we find him enjoying the same social position that others of equal wealth enjoy. But I do not hesitate to say that this general belief that fearful penalties must be endured in future existences for taking animal-life in this, has a deeper hold on the Buddhist than any other commandment.

Take the commandment: "Thou shalt speak no false word,"—strikingly like the Christian's commandment, "Thou shalt not bear false witness," "Lie not one to another." One would naturally expect to find among the devotees of a system containing such a commandment some value placed upon one's word of honour. But if truthfulness has ever been discovered among non-Christian Burmans, the discovery has never been reported. But we have not far to search to find the secret of this general lack of any regard for truthfulness.

The same "Sacred Book" that sets forth the commandment, "Thou thalt speak no false word," gives this definition of falsehood: A statement constitutes a *lie* when discovered by the person to whom it is told, to be untrue! See what latitude such a definition gives. Deceit is at a premium. Children grow up with no higher standard of honour than a belief that the sin of falsehood and fraud lies entirely in its discovery. Is it any wonder that these people have become

expert in the art. It is the common practice among themselves,—in business, in family life, in match-making, and most of all, in their dealings with foreigners. No European (after the first year) places the slightest reliance upon the most emphatic promise of a heathen Burman. In fact, the more emphatic the promise, the greater seems to be the temptation to do just the other thing. It may have been this inbred trait that led the schoolboy to translate " Judge not, that ye be not judged," by " Do no justice, lest justice be done to you."

When it is remembered that deceit and fraud are national vices, bred in the bone for centuries, it is not to be marvelled at that native Christians, only a step from heathenism, are sometimes found deficient in their sense of honour. Here is an illustration in point. A young Burman wanted to become a Christian. He became a regular attendant at chapel services, and finally asked for baptism. This greatly enraged his heathen wife, who proceeded to make his life most miserable. She tore around, screamed, pulled her own hair, and made things interesting generally. She got possession of his box containing his best clothing and other valuables, and would neither give it back to him nor live any longer with him unless he would promise to break with the Christians, and cease attending their worship. The young man appealed to his

uncle. The uncle's advice was: "You go and tell your wife that you will have nothing more to do with the Christians. You cannot recover your property in any other way. When you have regained possession of your box, come back to us, and then we will baptize you." So far as he then knew, the end justified the means. Take the commandment: "Thou shalt commit no immoral act,"—an ideal precept in itself, but standing for little more than a joke when inscribed on the banner of any non-Christian people. The Burman is perhaps superior, morally, to some other races of this country, yet his moral sense is very low. Among middle-aged people marriage seems to be an actual institution, and family life well guarded. Separations are comparatively few. Conditions of life in the tropics are such that the young are subject to temptations sad to contemplate. Heathen parents freely discuss subjects in the presence of their children that never would be mentioned before them in a Christian home. Missionaries' children often startle their parents by repeating what never should have come to their ears. It seems a wonder that moral character exists at all among the young. That many do set a high value upon virtue no unprejudiced observer of native life can doubt. Jealousy plays a large part in early separations, and with sufficient cause. Both may find other partners of their joys on the day following.

Among all races there are certain laws and social customs that in large measure restrain evil practices. Even among the heathen a certain value is placed upon one's social standing in the community,—which has greater weight than the commandment against immorality, in his "law." An educated Burman once said to me—"Burmans do not take much account of sin, but they do not like to lose their respectability."

Other commandments, such as those directed against "love of the world," and "love of money," seem to be honoured more in the breach than in the observance. The Burmans are notoriously the proudest, gayest people on the face of the earth. They enjoy a good time and will have it, whatever the occasion. There is little of real religious significance in their so-called religious gatherings. A display of fine clothes, a few presents for the priests; some of the more devout, especially the elderly women, worshipping before the shrine. But a large majority will be found sitting in the "zayats" talking familiarly among themselves, painting the ground below red with *kun*-juice by spitting through cracks in the floor, and never going near the pagodas or idols at all. The Buddhists are proud of their "law," and lay great stress upon it for purposes of argument. But as we have seen, either from their low moral sense, or their dependence on

works of merit, the "law" has little effect on the lives of the people.

We visited that most famous worship-place of the Buddhists, the Shwe Dagon pagoda, and for the first time saw heathenism as it is. We had read "The Light of Asia"; and heard theosophists talk glibly of "Mahatmas" whose wisdom is more ancient and profound than anything in the religious literature of the West.

But here we saw the yellow-robed, "Light of Asia" (more fittingly called the "Blight of Asia") and the graven image, both representing their annihilated Buddha, seemingly equal in intelligence, and sharing together the superstitious worship of the common people. Up the long ascent to the pagoda is a covered way, its brick or flagged steps hollowed out by the tramp, tramp of thousands on thousands of barefooted worshippers, extending over many, many years.

Guarding the approach are two horrible griffins, the first suggestion of the superstitious mind of these benighted people. On either side of the stairway are sellers of artificial flowers, paper streamers, candles, and other things used as offerings, each worshipper stopping to invest in whatever he thinks will gain for him the greatest amount of merit at the least possible cost. This great pagoda itself 1,350 feet in circumference, tapering in graceful curves to a height of 328 feet, is entirely covered with gold leaf. It is said



A Karen Family



Buddhist Idol

that the pagoda has been regilded several times, at fabulous cost. But this does not seem so wonderful when one recalls that the Parliament of Religions witnessed the regilding of the entire Buddhist system.

This lofty spire is surmounted by a *htee* or umbrella ornamented with gems and gold said to be valued at about $200,000. The htee has been renewed several times, by different kings, each striving to outdo all others. The present htee was placed there in 1871, by Mindon Min. The space around the base of the pagoda, protected by a parapet, and flagged with stone or cement, accommodates a large throng of worshippers. Hither pilgrimages are made every year from all parts of Burma. Besides the four large idols built into the base of the pagoda far out of sight, as in all pagodas, there are many auxiliary shrines deeply recessed into the base, dimly lighted by tiny candles, and containing gilded or alabaster images of Gautama. Still other shrines have been erected at the outer circumference of the floor space. Huge bells are suspended between posts, near the floor.

The largest, cast in 1842, is fourteen feet high, seven and a half in diameter, with sides fifteen inches in thickness, weighs 94,682 pounds. It is said that when this bell was cast, quantities of gold, silver and copper were thrown in as offerings. After the second Burmese war, the Eng-

lish undertook to carry this bell away as a curio, but by some accident it fell into the river. The Burmans afterwards recovered it and put it again in its place,—a marvellous feat, considering their rude appliances.

Intensely interesting is all this when seen for the first time; but inexpressibly saddening when one stops to reflect what it all stands for. One is forcibly reminded of its terrible significance by groups of worshippers kneeling before these shrines, mumbling hurriedly through their so-called prayers, prostrating themselves repeatedly to the ground. After going through his prayers and prostrations the worshipper goes to the bell and strikes it with the end of a heavy piece of wood, kept there for the purpose. The attention of gods and men must be called to the fact that he has performed a certain amount of merit-earning worship. "Thou shalt have no other gods before me. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image nor any likeness of anything that is in heaven above or that is in the earth beneath; thou shalt not bow down to them nor serve them." What new meaning that commandment had for us, as we saw it violated before our eyes! Idolatry seemed even darker than it had been painted.

Pagodas may be seen all over Burma, single or in groups; of all sizes from the less pretentious structure in the jungle-village, to the great Shwe

Dagon in Rangoon, with its umbrella-top 328 feet in the air. These pagodas, modelled after the dagobas of Ceylon, are all of the same general shape, resembling the bottom half of a child's top, inverted. They occupy the most conspicuous places, on nearly every hilltop, on points jutting out into the rivers, and near the chief highways. The more important were built over some supposed relic of Gautama, such as a tooth or a hair. These pagodas are considered much more sacred than those that were built for merit only.

The Shwe Dagon pagoda, most famous of all Buddhist shrines, is said to have been built over relics of four Buddhas, including eight hairs of Guatama. The Shwe Hmaw Daw pagoda at Pegu, erected by the Talaings, claims a tooth of Gautama. The Shwe San Daw pagoda at Toungoo has a different history. A Burman prince, Tabin Shwe' Htee, when born had one long red hair standing out from the top of his head. This was a sure indication of an embryonic Buddha. In his honour the great pagoda was erected, and called the "Golden Hair Pagoda." The Maha Myat Moonee pagoda at Mandalay, commonly known as the "Arracan Pagoda" is second only to the Shwe Dagon, in the esteem of Upper Burmans. In A. D., 146, the King of Arracan cast a great brass image of Gautama, which became famous for its supposed miraculous powers. In

A. D., 1784, the king of Burma, having conquered other parts of the country, and secured about everything he wanted, turned longing eyes towards Arracan and the far-famed image. This great image, twelve feet high, though cast in a sitting posture,—was brought over the mountains and deposited at the Arracan pagoda in a large building specially prepared for it, north of Amarapura. Not a smile disturbs the settled calm on its face as the visitor reads the inscription setting forth that the image was drawn here by the "charm of the king's piety." But from other sources we learn that his piety found expression in a war of conquest, of which this image was one of the coveted fruits. Its importation over the mountains was a wonderful feat. Little wonder that Burmans think it was accomplished by supernatural help.

A few miles north of Mandalay is the great Mingon pagoda, begun in 1790, and never finished. It is four hundred feet square at the base, and was to have been carried up to a height of five hundred feet, but work was suspended when it had reached about one third of its intended height, the country already having become seriously impoverished.

In 1839 an earthquake split it from top to bottom. No one mourned the seeming disaster, for no king could gain the "royal merit" by completing the work of another. As it is, this

Mingon pagoda is said to be the largest pile of brick and mortar in the world.

The largest bell in Burma, weighing between eighty and ninety tons, and second in size to the great bell at Moscow, cast to match the immense pagoda, is still to be seen near the ruins. This bell is eighteen feet high, seventeen in diameter, and a foot and a half in thickness. It now rests on the ground, having long ago proved too heavy for its supports.

Pagodas are not temples. There is no open interior for a worship place. The worshipping is done in the open space around the pagoda, or in the idol-houses, the real temples.

The first pagoda was probably built at the close of the fourth century or even later; though Buddhists refer it to a much earlier date. The sacred books of Buddhism were brought to Burma about 397 A. D., according to the best authorities.

Before the introduction of Buddhism the Burmans and Talaings, like all other races around them, were spirit-worshippers. They knew no gods but *nats*, spirits with supernatural powers. The reigning king became a convert to the new religion, built a pagoda, and issued a royal decree that all his subjects should worship it, death being the penalty of refusal. The king's edict failing to accomplish its purpose, he cunningly commanded that a *nat-sin* or spirit-house be

built near the pagoda. The transition from the worship of invisible nats to the worship of the more tangible pagoda was natural and inevitable.

"It was by a strange irony of fate," says Sir Monier Williams, "that the man who denied any God or any being higher than himself, and told his followers to look to themselves for salvation, should have been not only deified and worshipped, but represented by more images than any other being ever idolized in any part of the world."

Dharmapala, who represented Buddhism at the Parliament of Religions, said: "A system in which our whole being, past, and present, and to come, depends on ourselves, theoretically, leaves little room for the interference or even existence of a personal God." It really leaves no room at all, and its founder plainly said so. Buddhism is a worship of ancestors, of which Gautama holds a monopoly.

As we have seen, at the advent of Buddhism the worship of evil spirits, by propitiatory sacrifice, prevailed throughout Burma, among all races. It is not to be supposed that the adoption of Buddhism dispelled these superstitions. Spirit-worship is still the religion, if it can be called a religion,—of the non-Christian Karens, Chins, Kachins, and other non-Buddhist races. When Buddhism was adopted by the Talaings,

Burmans, and Shans, bloody sacrifice involving the taking of animal-life, had to be abandoned. But to this day propitiatory offerings of rice, fruit, or flowers, are made to the spirits as before. "Animism supplies the solid constituents," says a recent writer, "that hold the faith together, Buddhism the superficial polish. The Burman has added to his Animism just so much of Buddhism as suits him, and with infantile inconsequence draws solace from each in turn." Spirit-worship is his every-day religion, Buddhism for special occasions. Two illustrations will suffice to show how strong a hold superstition still has upon the people. A harmless lunatic had wandered through the streets for years. No one seemed to know the cause, but his reason, what little he ever possessed, had been dethroned, leaving him to wander about homeless and friendless. For his living he had to compete with the pariah dogs in the common effort to exist on what the people chanced to cast into the street after finishing their meals. One of the priests, thinking to gain notoriety as well as more substantial favours, declared that this man was a case of demoniacal possession. This was nothing new, for it is the common belief that *nats* are responsible for disordered minds, sickness, and other calamities. But the priest further suggested that the nat that had taken up his abode in this man be exorcised by drowning

him out. A company of Burmans assembled, secured the demoniac, and headed by the priest and tom-toms, proceeded to the river. The poor demoniac, filthy, naked and with matted hair,—a picture of abject helplessness,—was led by a rope to,—he knew not what. Several of the men took the poor creature in a boat to the middle of the river, and threw him overboard. When he tried to regain the boat they thrust him off with their bamboo poles. When he became exhausted and water-logged they would rescue him, only to throw him in again after a brief breathing spell. This was repeated for several days in the presence of the would-be wonder-worker, to the deafening sound of the tom-toms. It is needless to add that he continued to roam the streets, in the same condition as before. At one time when out on a tour among jungle-villages a native Christian called my attention to a large banyan-tree by the roadside. Up on one of the higher branches was a large gnarl, which, by a long stretch of the imagination slightly resembled a human face. The tree was standing there before the oldest inhabitant was born.

The gnarl was a peculiar growth of many years. One day a passer-by noticed a fancied resemblance to a human face, and spread the story that the tree was haunted,—that it was the abode of a *nat*. Of course the superstitious and gullible people believed it. A *zayat* was quickly

built under the tree; many brought offerings of rice, fruit, and flowers, and all who passed by that tree bowed down to worship that big knot on the limb. The dread of evil spirits is the bane of existence. There is constant fear lest some real or fancied lack of respect paid to the nats will bring some kind of disaster.

Nagas are the most feared of all. There are several different kinds of *nagas*. Some live under water, others on land. They are dragon-like reptiles, "fearsome" and terribly dreaded by old and young. When a man is drowning it is because a naga is drawing him down. Does a man sink and not reappear, a naga has got him sure. On-lookers fear to go to the rescue. But there is one great naga, most dreaded of all, so long that it encircles the earth, which to the native mind, is as flat as a pancake. This monster is constantly moving forward, so that the position of its head is ever changing. But fortunately the astrologers have discovered that its progress in its orbit is regular, and the location of its head may be known, according to season of the year, a full year being required for the circuit. Every Burman knows in what direction is the awful naga's head at a given season. No love nor money will tempt them to travel through the jungle in that direction, in unfamiliar territory.

Naga-worship once prevailed in northern

India. Whether imported into Burma, or also existing in Burma before the introduction of Indian influences in the north, is not known. But up to the eleventh century naga-worship was the most conspicuous feature in the observances of both spirit-worshippers and nominal Buddhists. Even now it is not uncommon to hear a Burman, suffering from some calamity or disease, lamenting that he has in some way brought disaster to himself by unwillingly offending the great naga. Once it was my good fortune to profit by their superstitious notions. Having rented a native house as temporary quarters, I learned soon after moving in, that it had the reputation of being haunted. Spirits of certain "dacoits" who came to a sudden death in a jail that formerly stood near by, were supposed to frequent the place. From that time on I could sleep in perfect security against all thought of prowling thieves. No fear that any native would come near that house after dark. Buddhism a "Beautiful Religion"? That it has many noble precepts no one will deny. The same is true of every system of philosophy ever formulated. But at its best it furnishes no incentive to righteous living, beyond one's own self-interest. It offers no help or hope whatever, beyond one's own unaided efforts. If man cannot save himself he must stay where he is, or be sinking lower, ever lower.

Buddhism, as seen in the life of the people, is *rotten to the core*. We have seen how its adherents craftily seek to evade the precepts and commandments of their "law," so far as possible; and then to balance their evil doings by works of merit. The priests prey upon the superstitions of their people, and grow fat. If offerings to the monastery do not come in so freely as desired the wily priest conveniently has a remarkable dream, in which a nat reveals to him that terrible calamities will befall the people if they do not increase their zeal.

This invariably has the desired effect. There is a general hustling throughout the jurisdiction of the monastery; and soon the greedy priests are fairly swamped with presents of plantains, rice, cocoanuts, etc.

At Kyankse there is a very steep hill, with several pagodas at the top. A missionary relates that he there "met an aged man who, to gain merit, climbs to the summit every day carrying two pots of water (about seventy pounds) for the use of the people who may come to worship there. He had a writing from the Buddhist priest, assuring him that a Buddha was about to appear, and if he continued in this meritorious work for seven years he would see the Buddha, and be rewarded."

The priest, in order to secure a regular supply of water, had deliberately duped this simple old

man. And yet, as a work of merit, his daily task had a certain value, according to Buddhist teaching.

The utter powerlessness of Buddhism to meet the needs of the human heart forced itself upon me when first I witnessed one of their funerals.

A rich Burman jeweller, living near our chapel, died of old age. One of his sons occupied a high official position. Of course the funeral must be a grand affair. We reached the place just as the procession was forming. First, there were four men bearing a bamboo frame on which was an artificial tree, four feet high, its branches wound with bright coloured paper. From the ends of the branches silver coins wrapped in paper, were suspended. This money was to buy offerings for the pagodas. Fifty-six men in squads of four, carried bamboo frames on which were piled gifts for the priests, consisting of mats, rugs, chinaware, lacquered-ware, lamps, etc. There were fourteen of these frames, being one each for fourteen priests. Four coolies, each carrying on his shoulder a bamboo pole from which were suspended jackets and skirts to be given to the poor. A double line of men with slender strips of bamboo covered with showy paper, held upright like so many spears. Then came the procession proper, headed by one of the rich relations carrying a lacquer vessel filled with copper coin. Four coolies carrying two

Burmese drums, suspended from bamboo poles. Two little boys fantastically dressed, danced before the drums, turning around in a solemn, but graceful manner, and at each turn striking the drums with their fists.

Then the mourners and friends, two daughters being dressed in white, with handkerchiefs tied round their heads as hair-bands. The coffin, covered with gold leaf, tinsel, and mirror glass, was elevated on a framework, about ten feet above the four-wheeled cart on which the framework rested. Above the coffin were several roof-like projections, one above another forming a pyramid, surmounted by a spire twenty feet high. Framework and spire were covered with showy paper and tinsel in artistic designs, and adorned with flags. The cart was drawn and pushed along by as many men as could get around it, long streamers of white cloth or ropes extending forward to the friends in front. Next to the bier was an oxcart with the Burman band, or tom-toms. One man was blowing on an instrument resembling a large-mouthed flageolet, from which issued a tuneless succession of weird sounds,—music to their ears, no doubt,—but most melancholy to ours. Another was sitting inside of a low circular frame with small drums arranged in a semicircle, each producing a different sound. Behind the cart was a man with the cymbals, which he manipulated with marvellous skill,

though the vibratory sounds and clangour were excruciating in the extreme to sensitive nerves. On another cart, under a canopy of red and white cloth was another coffin more elaborately decorated, but empty, merely for pomp and show, or to fool the evil spirits. If in the extra coffin the consequences of a man's evil deeds, together with *desire*, which constitutes the germ of the next existence, could also be buried, it would be the *ne plus ultra* of hope to the Buddhist.

Then followed several "gharries" with well-to-do acquaintances of the family. As the procession moved slowly along the man with the pot of copper coin now and then threw a handful forward into the crowd of poor children, and oh what a scramble! The priests had already gathered at the "zayat" in the cemetery to receive the expected offerings. Had they been present at the bedside to minister some hope to the dying man who was about to pass out into the awful dark? Not at all, for the priest is supposed to be passing through the process of crushing out all natural feeling. He must not show that he is influenced in the least by death-bed scenes. Did they minister consolation to the sorrowing ones? Not at all, for the priest is not supposed to feel the least sympathy with sorrow and distress. To "Rejoice with them that rejoice, and weep with them that weep" is not in all his thoughts. He came not to minister, but

to be ministered unto,—a complete reversal of the Christian principle. So at the funeral he offers no consolation, but expects to be himself consoled, very substantially. At the cemetery he sits in the zayat on his elevated platform, chewing and spitting *kun*—the picture of indolence and indifference. After the burial the afflicted ones, sorrowing without hope, with hearts bleeding as even heathen hearts can bleed, come and prostrate themselves before the priests, worshipping them in their very despair. But the priests seem neither to see nor to hear. Their minds from which "love of the world" has been well-nigh extinguished (!) are intent upon the rich presents with which their monastery is being filled.

Doubtless there are priests, especially the aged, who are sincerely striving to keep the "law" in spirit as well as in letter. But the very spirit of the law is selfishness.

The Buddhist sacred books were a gradual but abnormal growth. They contain comparatively little of the actual teachings of Gautama, but a vast deal that Gautama would not have sanctioned. Marvellous stories have grown up around the memory of Gautama, whom the people of his time regarded as a "religious hero, rather than a god." The most absurdly extravagant statements as to time, dimensions, space, and numbers, are found in these stories. Imagination has run riot in

fabricating accounts of impossible miracles performed by Gautama.

Modern geography, if seriously taken into account by Buddhists, would stampede the whole Buddhist system. And yet these millions, given over to "believe a lie," accept it all without a question.

The Buddhist scriptures are divided into three main divisions.

The first is addressed to the priests, and contains rules governing their life, duties and habits. The second is addressed to the laity; the third to the *dewas* and Brahmas in the worlds of *nats*.

It is claimed that the first council to settle the sacred canon was held in the year 543 B. C., in India; that the law was rehearsed from memory, but not committed to writing; that the second council was held in 443 B. C., when the law was again rehearsed, but not committed to writing; that the third and last council, held in 241 B. C., and continuing nine months, settled many questions in dispute; and furnished the stimulus of a great Buddhist missionary enterprise. Authorities differ as to the dates of these councils. Dr. Judson held that the Buddhist scriptures in their present form were not completed until four hundred and fifty-eight years after Gautama's death.

Were it possible for any human being to keep the law outlined in the sacred books of Buddhism, and thereby attain to its goal, *Neikban*, it

might be said: "The gift of Gautama is eternal death." How different from the central truth in the Christian religion —

"The gift of God is eternal life." To make this known to the nations that sit in darkness, rests as a privilege and responsibility upon the Christian church.

VI

BURMA'S OUTCASTS

ADMIRERS of Buddhism assert its superiority over Hinduism in that Buddhism has no caste system. In all ages and in all lands there has been, in real life, a sharp social distinction between the rich and the poor. This is inevitable, so long as unsanctified human nature holds sway. Burma furnishes no exception to the rule. But while Buddhist Burma has no caste system, involving contamination to one caste by contact with another; or social degradation by departing from caste-rules,—Burma has her outcasts.

There are five classes of outcasts, namely:—former pagoda-slaves and their descendants; the grave-diggers; the lepers; the beggars; and the deformed or maimed. Apostates from the Ancestral religion might be added as a sixth class. Slavery existed in Burma before the introduction of Buddhism. When the pagoda spires of the new religion began to multiply throughout the land somebody must be found to take care of the pagoda-grounds. Existing slaves

were not available for that purpose, for they had been apportioned to the service of the king, and others in high life. Prisoners taken in war: life-convicts; and others who had incurred the displeasure of the king were drawn upon to meet the fresh and ever-increasing demand. Princely captives and their followers are said to have been condemned to lifelong drudgery as pagoda slaves, with all of their descendants forever, while the world should last. As Pagan was the first great centre of Buddhism in Upper Burma, there it was that this form of slavery originated.

Buddhism of the southern type was taken to Pagan in the eleventh century. The pagodas of Thatone were duplicated. One after another was built, until an area eight miles long by two miles wide along the river was literally covered with pagodas, far surpassing any city in the world in the extent of its religious structures.

Pagan ceased to be a capital in the fourteenth century, and its wonderful pagodas and temples were left to go to ruin. But the king's decree was perpetuated in all other important centres, until the British Indian Government annexed the country, and put an end to compulsory slavery. Besides the descendants of the original pagoda-slaves, others were added by successive kings, whether as punishment for crime, or by arbitrary selection of obnoxious villages or families. Once a slave always a slave. Posterity was doomed

before it was born. Not only was there no possible release from this inexorable law, but the common people came to regard the pagoda-slaves as a class under a curse. Terrible sins of a former existence must have brought this great calamity upon them. Their touch was contaminating. Shunned and spurned at every point they became a community of outcasts, living by themselves, and existing on such offerings to the idols as could be rescued from the dogs and crows. Under British rule this form of slavery has nominally ceased to exist. But no law of a civilized government could restore the pagoda-slave or his descendants to equal social standing with their neighbours. They are outcasts still, and outcasts they will remain, until Buddhism is no more.

Climb the long covered stairway leading to the Shwe Dagon pagoda, or other of the more sacred shrines, you will find your path lined with sellers of offerings, paper "prayers," candles, and other things used at pagoda-worship. These sellers, with rare exceptions, are descendants of former pagoda-slaves, free in the eye of the law, but in slavery still to the unchangeable customs of Burman Buddhists. Other Burmans will not employ them, even to perform the tasks of the common Indian coolie.

Do they go to some distant place where they are not known, and there attain wealth and social

position, the first intimation that they are of the old pagoda-slave stock mercilessly consigns them again to their former condition as shunned outcasts.

Companions in social degradation are the "Thu-bah-yah-zahs" or grave-diggers. Every Burman burial ground has its little community of thu-bah-yah-zahs, living apart from their fellow-men. Each community has it head-man, who makes the bargain when a grave is to be dug.

There is usually a fixed price for this work. But when a grave is to be dug for one who has met a violent death the price is gauged by the age of the individual. Violent deaths are windfalls to the grave-diggers.

The grave is filled in the presence of the friends, who consider it a mark of respect to tarry until the work is done. But it is well-known that the grave-diggers do not hesitate to exhume a body the following night if the clothing in which it was buried, or other objects placed in the coffin makes it worth the trouble. The coin in the mouth of the corpse, for the ferry-fare over the mystic river, is abstracted with callous indifference to the future state of the deceased.

As in the case of pagoda-slaves, the grave-diggers were devoted to this degrading service by a decree of the king. Some say that de-

scendants of pagoda-slaves have swelled their numbers. Beggars and lepers are permitted to live in their villages. Misery loves company. Birds of a feather flock together. A rich thu-bah-yah-zah in Mandalay had an attractive daughter. Anxious to emancipate her from the doom of her class he offered three thousand rupees ($1,000) to any respectable man who would marry her, and take her away where she would not be known. Ten times the amount of his generous offer would have been no temptation. There is also a distinct beggar-class, of practically the same origin as the pagoda-slave and grave-diggers,—condemned by the king to a life of beggary. Forbidden to engage in any self-supporting work, they could be drawn upon at any time to fill a lack in either of the other classes. This was sometimes for suspected disloyalty. Few had need to become lifelong beggars because of abject poverty, for a respectable Burman, though poor, is able to exist in this fruitful land without leaving his own village. Neither the aged nor the orphaned are driven out to beg or starve. These unfortunates did not become beggars because they were outcasts, but became outcasts because they were made beggars, not of choice, but by royal decree.

True to his creed, the Burman then heaped upon the victim all the blame for his calamity. He is only reaping in this life what he sowed in

some former existence. Therefore, he and his descendants forever are to be despised, and compelled to remain beggars, whatever their actual condition. Some of this beggar class are known to have become wealthy, but wealth secures to them no social standing. Outcasts they are, and outcasts they must remain.

It has become a deeply-rooted suspicion among these people themselves that unless they go out and beg at least once a year, some disaster will befall them. The children of none of these outcast classes are permitted to enter the monastic or other schools.

The admission of one child of outcast parentage, however bright and respectable he may be, would stampede any school. This superstitious contempt of outcasts is so deep-rooted and universal that managers of non-Buddhist schools do not find it wise to ignore it.

Strange to say, the deformed and the maimed are held in abhorrence, and blamed for their misfortune. The disciples asked—"Who sinned, this man or his parents, that he should be born blind?" One day while my train was waiting at a station, a poor woman, armless from her birth, came by the open window of my compartment, and stopped for alms. When she had passed out of hearing, I said to a heathen Burman standing by, "How pitiful!" Without any show of compassion he unknowingly repeated

the old-time question—"Because of whose sin was she born in that condition?" That she was under a curse he had no doubt. No pity is wasted on a person who is born blind, deformed, or heir to loathsome disease. He is only getting what he deserves, in this life, and nothing can he hope for but ages in one of the lowest hells hereafter.

With such a belief, is it any wonder that Buddhists never found asylums or hospitals, or attempt any organized system of relief for the unfortunate. It is of no use to fight against Fate, —let Fate claim her own. It is said that census enumerators in some sections did not consider old men and women worth counting, because they were past work; priests and nuns, because they had renounced the world; lunatics and cripples, because they were below the level of human beings.

So great is the dread of becoming a cripple that a Burman would sooner die than have a limb amputated. Better to die respectably than be a living disgrace to himself and his family. This feeling extends even to post-mortem examinations, as dooming one to some lower condition in the next existence.

Leprosy, in whatever age or country, seems the most pitiable of all calamities. "And the leper in whom the plague is, his clothing shall be rent, and the hair of his head shall go loose, and

he shall cover his upper lip, and shall cry, Unclean, unclean. All the days wherein the plague is in him he shall be unclean: he is unclean: he shall dwell alone; without the camp shall his dwelling be" (Lev. 13: 45, 46).

Such was the brand put upon the leper and his awful affliction, under the Mosaic law. The brand never has been removed, nor the awfulness of the disease abated. In Europe this scourge, introduced by warlike campaigns, and reintroduced by subsequent crusades, through isolation, segregation of sexes, and improved sanitary methods, has been nearly exterminated. In America its spread is prevented by the same means.

In barbarian or semi-civilized countries no attempt is made to control the disease. Such was the case in Burma, under Burman rule, and still is the case throughout the land, outside of a few municipalities under English control. Even in the larger towns the rule that lepers shall go to the asylums, or dwell "without the camp" is not rigidly enforced. The leper is an outcast, so treated by his own race even more than by Europeans, but this does not prevent him from wandering at will through the crowded streets and bazars. Rags that have covered his repulsive sores may be cast away where men traffic and children play. They are permitted to marry among themselves, thereby perpetuating and

multiplying the terrible disease. The latest census gives a total of 4,190 lepers in Burma alone. Of this number 2,940 are males, 1,250 females. This does not include the large number of untainted children of leprous parents, doomed to become lepers later in life. On the streets one may observe leprosy in all stages. One shows no other sign than swollen feet, and may not even know that he has become a leper. Another shows unmistakable signs of the disease by white, red, or violet patches on his skin.

Another is in the last stage of the disease. Where once were feet and hands are only stumps. Some have what is left of feet and hands bandaged with foul rags. Others, whether from lack of wherewith to bandage, or in order to excite sympathy and almsgiving, expose their repulsive sores. Passing Buddhists may now and then toss a copper into the tin-cup, to get merit for themselves, but of compassion they have little or none. The leper's own fate or ill-luck, the outcome of evil committed in past existences, has overtaken him. There is no help for it. Why trouble about it? "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," is a tenet of Buddhism, as well as of Christianity, but with no place for repentance or forgiveness. Fortunately leprosy is not infectious. There is not the slightest danger from near approach. It is generally believed that it is not even contagious, like

smallpox or scarlet fever. No doubt there is danger of contracting the disease by inoculation. Some claim that the use of imperfectly cured, or putrid fish as an article of diet, is the cause of leprosy. This seems reasonable, but there is ample evidence that it is not the only cause. Both cause and cure still furnish fields for investigation by medical science. Of the 4,190 lepers in Burma only about 560 are in Leper Homes.

This work is conducted by the Wesleyan and Roman Catholic missions in Mandalay, the Rangoon municipality, and the Baptist mission in Maulmein.

Never yet have the Buddhists of Burma lifted a finger to alleviate the sufferings of their outcasts. Whatever desultory and trifling almsgiving as has been indulged in has been prompted not by compassion but by selfishness, to add to the giver's own store of merit. This is Buddhism, in both theory and practice. Buddhism has been extolled as a religion of love and peace. Its love is self-love; its peace self-conceit, and indifference to the sufferings of others. But Christian missionaries are teaching a striking object lesson. While proclaiming the love of God in Christ, they are exemplifying their teaching by putting forth a mighty effort to relieve these unfortunates who have been cast off by their own people. English officials give this work their sympathy and assistance. The number to share the bene-

fits of the asylums will steadily increase. Hundreds of lepers, homeless, friendless, and hopeless, waiting and longing for the end, wander about in all the towns and villages of the land. This wandering habit is the chief obstacle to work among them. So long as subsistence can be gained by begging, many prefer change of scene to the more certain comforts of the Leper Home. But the time is not far distant when, in the larger towns at least, they will not be allowed to roam at will.

Work for the lepers appeals to the hearts of all races, in all Christian lands. Until effective means are devised to check the propagation of this terrible disease, the need will be ever-increasing.

VII

A NATION IN TRANSITION

IN nearly all non-Christian lands the first impressions of western civilization have come from the aggressions of commerce.

The minister of a foreign government has preceded the missionary of the Cross.

The flag of a foreign nation has gone in advance of the banner of Christianity.

Both political and commercial relations may have been forced upon the people of the weaker nation. All this may have been in the best interests of the world at large; probably in the best interests of the people themselves, however slow they have been to realize it.

Were Christian nations always worthily represented commercial, diplomatic, and evangelistic efforts might cooperate for the uplifting of backward races. In the initial attempts to bring about the remolding of a nation, the restraining influence upon the natives, as exercised by the missionaries, is of inestimable importance. Missionaries in turn, need protection from fanatical and ignorant natives, so easily influenced by irresponsible characters, to desperate deeds.

New colonies invariably become a dumping

ground for adventurers. Government officials, "transferred for cause," drift farther and farther towards the frontier. Because of a scarcity of trained men certain positions have been filled by persons morally unfit to represent a civilized people. So it transpires that civil law sometimes becomes civil lawlessness, which men in higher positions are powerless wholly to restrain. But sweeping charges that officials of whatever nation, in outlying colonies, are "profligate and tyrannical" do gross injustice to many noble men who are doing their utmost for the advancement of morality and justice. Burma has suffered as other colonies have suffered. But there is steady progress for the better. The various departments of government are becoming more thoroughly organized; competent and trustworthy men are in the ascendant. But throughout the period since the annexation of Burma by the British Indian government—impressions far from complimentary to a Christian nation have become indelibly fixed in the native mind.

Vice is always more conspicuous than virtue. Unscrupulous men have brought reproach upon a Christian nation; and created strong prejudice against Christianity itself, that many years of good government and evangelistic effort combined cannot efface. The innocent must suffer suspicion with the guilty. It is also true that natives are naturally suspicious of all foreigners,



THE LAST KING OF BURMA

and apt to regard even necessary measures as oppressive. The old question "Is it lawful to give tribute to Cæsar?" crops out wherever tribute is exacted. Every son of Adam, the world over, holds the tax collector in contempt, and will evade payment if possible. "Publicans and sinners" are inseparably wedded, in the popular mind.

This deeply-grounded prejudice, whether with or without cause, constitutes a serious hindrance to the progress of evangelistic work.

Often the missionary must spend a whole day in a jungle village striving to win the confidence of the people, who are slow to discriminate between the missionary and the official. Suspicion as to his character and errand is a greater hindrance than their prejudice against Christianity as such.

At the same time there is reason for believing that could the Burmans throw off the British yoke, and reestablish a kingdom of their own, missionaries would not be permitted to propagate Christianity at all. In February, 1826, Adoniram Judson and Dr. Price, having been released from their long imprisonment at Ava and Aungbinle, were finally permitted to go down to the British camp, Mrs. Judson accompanying them. The release of these American missionaries, and the recovery of their property, of which the Burman officials had heartlessly robbed them,

were due entirely to special efforts in their behalf on the part of the general commanding the British troops. Mrs. Judson thus recounted their experiences: "We now, for the first time, for more than a year and a half, felt that we were free, and no longer subject to the oppressive yoke of the Burmans. And with what sensation of delight, on the next morning, did I behold the masts of the steamboat, the sure presage of being within the bounds of civilized life. As soon as our boat reached the shore, Brigadier A—— and another officer came on board, congratulated us on our arrival, and invited us on board the steamboat where I passed the remainder of the day; while Mr. Judson went on to meet the general, who, with a detachment of the army, had encamped at Yandaboo, a few miles further down the river. Mr. Judson returned in the evening with an invitation from Sir Archibald to come immediately to his quarters, where I was the next morning introduced, and received with the greatest kindness by the general, who had a tent pitched for us near his own, took us to his own table, and treated us with the kindness of a father, rather than as strangers of another country. We feel that our obligations to General Campbell can never be cancelled. Our final release from Ava, and our recovering all the property that had there been taken, was owing entirely to his efforts.

"His subsequent hospitality, and kind attention to the accommodation for our passage to Rangoon, have left an impression on our minds, which can never be effaced. We daily received the congratulations of the British officers, whose conduct towards us formed a striking contrast to that of the Burmese. I presume to say that no persons on earth were ever happier than we were during the fortnight we passed at the English camp. For several days this single idea wholly occupied my mind,—that we were out of the power of the Burmese government, and once more under the protection of the English" (Memoir of Rev. Dr. Judson, by Wayland).

Such testimony as this is enough to arouse a sense of everlasting gratitude in the heart of every missionary whose privilege it is to conduct mission work under the protection of the British flag. Happily there has never been another occasion in the history of Burma missions to extend such kindnesses as Mr. and Mrs. Judson enjoyed at the hands of these English officers. But missionaries of all societies represented in Burma have always been able to number among their best friends noble men in some department of government service, civil or military.

Transitions are more readily effected in government than in religion. The "Powers that be," though recently come into their possessions, speak authoritatively. "Might makes right,"

and compels changes. A foreign religion speaks persuasively, having no authority, and desiring none, to compel its acceptance. When a foreign religion enters ground already preempted by twenty-five centuries of such a strongly organized religion as Buddhism, transitions may also be reckoned by centuries. The world may witness the evangelization of Burma "in this generation," but it cannot recall the three generations of Burmans that have gone out in the dark since Judson began his work in this land.

"Their idols are silver and gold, the work of men's hands."—"They that make them are like unto them: so every one that trusteth in them." The image of Gautama Buddha bears on its face an expression, or rather lack of expression intended to represent that, to him, change was forever past. The idol as truly represents Buddhism as it does the founder of Buddhism. There is no word in the Burman language of wider application than the word for "custom." On that word the Buddhist falls back for justification of every act, as sufficient reason for non-action, as a clincher to every argument. He attaches greater weight to ancestral custom than to the teachings of his "law" or to the dictates of his own judgment. When defeated at every point, in religious controversy he has been known to say, "If what you say is true, then my ancestors have gone to hell. I want to go wherever they have gone.

If they have gone to hell, I want to go there too." Aged Buddhists have said: "Our children may become Christians, but we are too old to change. We will die in Buddhism, as we have lived." They are "like unto" their idols in that they seem to have no power to change. Having "changed the glory of the incorruptible God for the likeness of corruptible man"; "Exchanged the truth of God for a lie, and worshipped and served the creature (Gautama) rather than the creator," and "Refused to have God in their knowledge," they seem to have been given up to a "reprobate mind." They now declare that there is no God. If there is no God there can be no sin against God. Sins are against *self* only, in that they involve penalty. But penalty may be counter-balanced by meritorious works. Therefore all responsibility to God or man is repudiated. Each man must be his own saviour. His meritorious works are solely for his own advantage.

Self-centred, and self-sufficient,—the Christian doctrines of an Eternal God, atonement, pardon, regeneration and heaven are rejected as idle tales concerning things which they consider neither necessary nor desirable. The Apostles, or missionaries (sent-forth-ones) of the early church found that the Gentiles received the gospel much more readily than the Jews. The latter were steeped in bigotry, and imagined them-

selves a superior and specially favoured people. They were priest-ridden, and led astray by the "traditions of the elders." Any suggestion of change was deeply resented, especially by the religious teachers. History repeats itself in Burma. Non-Buddhist tribes receive the gospel far more readily than the Buddhist. Buddhists manifest the same Jewish spirit of haughty pride and arrogant bigotry. They are priest-ridden, and bound down by teachings and customs never dreamed of by the founder of their religious system. Pharisees decreed that if any man should confess Jesus to be the Christ, he should be put out of the synagogue. Where there were no Pharisees to agitate against the Christian missionaries the common people heard them gladly. While the Karens, as a nation, have already passed the transitional stage, the Burmans are still held back by their pharisaical priests, who never lack willing instruments for the execution of their malice against converts to Christianity. But in communities where there are no priests to hold the people in awe, native evangelists have little difficulty in securing a good hearing. This indicates the real spirit of the people when untrammelled by intimidating influences. Human nature is much the same the world over. Environment and inherited custom make men to differ. Results already achieved (to be discussed in another chapter) show that Burma is in a state



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, RANGOON

of transition religiously as well as politically, though less conspicuously.

The sure promise of God that Christ shall have the nations for His inheritance; the uttermost parts of the earth for His possessions, has here substantial beginnings of fulfillment. Uhlhorn said of the Roman Empire in transition: "The most mighty of forces cannot change in a day the customs and institutions of an Empire more than a thousand years old." In Burma these forces are arrayed against customs and institutions that have developed during a period of twenty-five hundred years. Change of government effects outward changes in the life of a people; but more than mere change of government is required to work changes for the better in the soul of a people. Aping European customs may give an air of increased respectability, but the aping of European vices, always first in order, makes the man "Tenfold more a child of hell" than before. Much is expected from the government system of education. Education will furnish a supply of petty officials; raise the people to some extent, from their gross ignorance; and possibly do something towards undermining Buddhism,—though to undermine Buddhism is far from being the purpose or desire of the British Indian government. But something more than education is required to prepare a nation to be an inheritance of the King of Kings. The gospel,

and only the gospel is the power of God unto the salvation of any nation.

In industry, skill, statesmanship, and all the qualities that go to make up a strong people, the Burmans are sadly lacking. To come to the front rank of progress, as the Japanese have done, is not in them, and never will be. But as a dependent nation, restrained by their conquerors from the almost continual warfare which marks their history; and transformed by the leavening influences of Christianity, they may yet take the front rank among Asiatic races as a Christian people.

VIII

"BY ALL MEANS—SAVE SOME"

IN face of the fact that whole nations lie in the darkness of heathenism; bound down by ancestral customs; priest-ridden; wedded to their idols;—what seeming folly for a handful of missionaries to attempt the world's evangelization. How futile the task of breaking down the strongholds of heathen religions that have stood for centuries. So they sneered at Carey the cobbler. So they tried to discourage Judson. A ship's captain once asked an out-going missionary to China:

"Do you think you can make any impression on the four hundred millions of China?" "No," said the missionary. "But God can."

A coloured preacher discoursing on faith, and warming to his subject said, "If God tole me to jump froo dat wall, I'd *jump*. De jumpin' *froo* belongs to God. De jumpin' *at it* belongs to me." God certainly has commanded His people to "jump" through the wall of heathenism. The command is clear, emphatic, and large with divine intensity, and promise of power and triumph.

Nothing was said as to methods to be employed in making disciples. There are many ways of proclaiming the gospel. It may fairly be inferred that any or all effective methods may be employed; and that methods may vary according to varying circumstances, in order "by all means to save some."

There is danger of too narrow an interpretation of instructions. As an illustration, take the case of Paul, who "determined to know nothing" among the Corinthian Christians "save Jesus Christ and Him crucified." But in elaborating his theme he found occasion to discuss social purity, matrimony, divorce, celibacy, apparel for the sexes, the place of woman in public gatherings, as well as church discipline and collections. Whatever instruction was needed for the moral and spiritual development of the individual had a direct bearing upon his central theme. Such instruction could not be omitted without dwarfing the benefits of Christ's sacrifice. In God's plan for the evangelization of the world "The foolishness of the preaching" is to "save them that believe"; "Christ crucified" furnishing both the theme and the power. All other plans have failed. But this theme may be proclaimed in many ways;—by the evangelist, as he goes from village to village; by the pastor from the pulpit; by the teacher in the daily Bible-study of the school; by the medical mis-

sionary, whose ministrations of mercy are sermons in themselves; by the holy life of missionary and disciple; even by the Christian chapel, standing in a heathen community as a silent yet significant witness for Christ. All of these forces, and others are being used of God in the redemption of Burma.

"Direct evangelization," or the proclamation of the gospel-message from village to village, throughout the large district to which a missionary has been assigned, is the predominating method.

Our first experience in this line came when we had been but a few months in Burma. A messenger from a village twenty-three miles away came to inform us that two young men wanted to be baptized. Having already made plans to visit that village we prepared at once to respond to the summons. When a Burman wishes to be baptized in the presence of the heathen people of his own village, it is taken as evidence that the Holy Spirit is working in his heart. Such opportunities must not be neglected.

First we must summon our forces. U Po Hlaing must go, because this is the village in which he used to live, and these converts are fruits of his labours. Ko Thaleh must go, because he has had much experience in examining candidates, and his judgment can be trusted. Maung Ka must go, because he is young, full of

fire, and will not cease to preach the gospel, whatever the circumstances. But it is not easy to secure an audience in the heathen village, unless there is some special attraction. "Music hath charms" to draw the people from their homes, and hold them until the preachers have done their work. "Mama" is going, with the portable organ, and some of the Christian girls to sing, insuring success though other methods fail. After going seventeen miles by rail we still had six miles to make by ox-cart. The delight of an ox-cart ride over rough jungle roads beggars description.

The driver sits on the projecting front, guiding the animals, or pretending to, by means of a rope passed through their noses.

Just as we are about to sit down the oxen start. We save ourselves by clutching at somebody else. A desire to say something emphatic to the driver is overcome by inability to speak his language, and a feeling of thankfulness that we are still on deck. The road is conspicuous by its absence,—but that does not matter. All the driver wants is to get his bearings, then off he goes across sun-baked rice-fields, and through the jungle. By instinct he knows that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, and he keeps to that line without regard to obstructions or our feelings. At last we reach the river, and see on the opposite bank the

thatch-roofed houses of the village. The preachers shout to the villagers, and soon two boats are poled across to take us over. Our boat is a long narrow dug-out, our boatman a chubby Burmese girl. We are in momentary expectation of being dumped into the river; but happily our expectations are not realized. Chubby enjoys it immensely, and seems proud when she has landed us safely. Landing means that the dug-out has stuck in the mud, twenty feet from shore. The natives could wade, and so could we, but we did not like to, through all that mud. A brawny bare-backed Burman soon solved the problem by taking "Mama" in his arms and carrying her to the shore, returning to take the "Sayah" on pick-a-pack.

We were piloted to a house at the farther end of the village. Ascending by a short ladder to the open veranda we were glad to stretch out on the split-bamboo floor for a little rest. After we had eaten supper, and the men and women had returned from their work in the rice-fields, the portable organ was placed in position. In response to its tones, sounds never heard before in that village, men, women, and children came from all directions. Some sat around on the ground, others climbed the ladder and filled all available space. The preachers did their best to make known the "Glad Tidings." Whenever the audience showed signs of thinning out, the

organ would send forth another appeal, restoring numbers and interest. Sankey's songs, translated into Burmese, were sung with vigour by the schoolgirls. The "Old, Old Story" seemed to take new meaning when sung to the heathen by some of their own people who had learned to love it and live by it. During the following day, while the people were busy at their work, our attention was given to the children.

A dozen or so, drawn by curiosity, had collected about the house.

Some were half clad, others with no protection whatever, save a string around the neck, with one large bead attached.

All were very dirty, and as shy as rabbits. After winning their confidence a picture card was given to each, with instructions to go and bring other children.

It was interesting to see them scatter through the village to do their first missionary work. Few in the home-land realize how helpful to the missionary are the bright coloured advertising cards. Wild children in jungle villages are won by these pictures. Attendance at Sunday-school in town may be doubled by their use. But these native children want something more than bright colours. Strange to say that although fond of flowers for personal adornment, they will give only a passing glance at the showiest picture of flowers; while a picture of a *person*,—man,





How We Travel by Cart and Boat

woman, or child, of any race,—if in bright attire, is eagerly seized. A darky boy riding a spool of Coat's thread is more effective than a dull Sunday-school card for evangelizing purposes. Bushels of such cards might be utilized.

Late that afternoon the council came together to examine the candidates for baptism. Sitting around on the floor in all sorts of positions they formed a strange looking group, yet as sincere and earnest as a similar council in the homeland.

The examination was declared satisfactory, so after prayer we all started for the river, followed by nearly the whole village, curious to witness a Christian baptism,—the strange magic rite of initiation into the foreign religion. This is always a grand opportunity to preach Christ. Rather than lose the baptism they will remain and listen as they would not at other times. So long as the missionary remains in their village they will not show, by word or sign, that they are not in sympathy with these proceedings. The new converts, who have had the courage of their convictions, will be made to realize to their sorrow the real mind of the people. On the way to this village we met a squad of Burmans, accompanied by a native policeman. One of the men was carrying a parcel wrapped in plantain leaves. Interested to know what was in the parcel, that it should require a police

escort, what was our surprise to learn that it contained a dacoit's head! Bands of dacoits had been giving a great deal of trouble. Several of their leaders were still at large. More regular methods having failed to secure their capture, the British Indian government offered tempting rewards for their heads. Two men living in the village to which we were going, surprised one of these dacoit leaders in a jungle path, and thinking that his head would be worth more to them than it ever would be to him, they struck it off with their *dahs*. The head was taken to the court, where it was identified, and the reward recovered.

Continuing our tour, we halted one morning at about ten o'clock for breakfast. Our preachers had told us what a wicked village this was, how the people had driven them out every time they had attempted to preach or distribute tracts; and that only a little while before our visit they had beaten the wife of one of the preachers because she spoke of Christ while resting by the way. But this time there was no danger of violence, for the presence of one white man is sufficient security against serious molestation. So each preacher armed himself with a handful of tracts, and started out to work the village, and advertise our coming. Then "Mama" opened the portable organ there in the open air, and played a few tunes. Soon quite a number of women and

children were attracted by the sound. After throwing out this bait, we paused for breakfast, for we were hungry, hot, and tired, having been travelling since the first signs of morning light. The people were told to come again about noon, and bring others with them. The news that the white teachers had come, that one was a white *woman*, and played on a wonderful music-box, such as they never had seen before, went like wild-fire through the village.

The building in which we hoped to have our meeting was set up on posts several feet from the ground, according to the custom. The door was reached by means of a ladder. How to get the people up into the house was the question that we must solve. We placed the organ well to the back side of the one large room, and posted the native helpers as to our purposes. At the appointed time the people began to come,—men, stripped to the waist as they came from their work; women smoking huge cheroots, with babies astride their hips; children of all sizes, some clothed, some naked. The missionary's wife took her place at the organ and played away, tune after tune, everything she could think of, from "Old Hundred" to "Gloria in Excelsis," and repeated the most of them. Everything depended upon the drawing power of the music. The preachers and Christian girls,—some up in the house, others down in the yard,—coaxed and

urged the people up the ladder until we had filled the house. Up to this time I had kept well in the background on account of the more timid. My object accomplished, I now climbed up the ladder and seated myself in the door,—the only door there was. With back against one door-jamb, and knees against the other, I was the gladdest man on earth. We had trapped nearly the whole village! Fully seventy-five people who had persistently refused to listen to the gospel were penned in with the preachers. To crowd out over a white man, even had they dared to attempt it, would have been too great a breach of Burman etiquette. At a given signal the music stopped, and one of the preachers addressed the people. He was the very man whose wife had recently been beaten. He began by telling them how he had wanted for a long time to tell them about this new religion, but never had been permitted to do so. He reminded them of their action in beating his wife. "But," said he, "I have no hard feelings against you. This new religion is a religion of love. Its sacred book tells us that 'God is love,' and that He 'So loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have eternal life.'" Then for about ten minutes, with wonderful tact and earnestness, he proclaimed Christ as the world's Saviour. After a tune on the organ, to

keep the people interested and expectant, another preacher gave his message. Another tune, and then the third preacher emphasized what the others had spoken. For three-quarters of an hour these people, entrapped by strategy, listened to the gospel at short range, and were interested in spite of themselves. But two men who were specially bitter against the name of Christ, climbed out through a window and dropped to the ground.

In the outskirts of that village we found an aged couple who professed to be followers of Christ. They had heard the gospel elsewhere, and with what light they had, believed. The villages had utterly cut them off, refusing to sell to them, buy from them, or even allow them to draw water from the village well. But these old people had found the "Water of life." In their hearts shone all the light there was in that terribly benighted village. Both of them died in the faith a few years later. Many of the Karens have come down from the mountains and started villages of their own in the plains. Until the English had thoroughly subdued the country this was not possible, as the Karens were terribly oppressed by the Burmans. On one of our jungle tours we came across one of these Karen villages. Nearly all the men understood colloquial Burmese. They received the missionary party with great kindness, and eagerly listened to

the gospel, which they had not heard before. The fifteen houses comprising the village were built at regular intervals around the outer edge of the small clearing they made in the forest.

In the open space the Karens were seated in a semicircle on the ground, with the missionary and native preachers in front.

We were about to sow precious seed in virgin soil. Not a soul had ever heard of Christ before. The story must begin at the beginning,—the Eternal God; the creation; the fall; the revelation of God in Jesus Christ—the Saviour of the world. As he went on to tell of Christ's majesty and holiness, of His wonderful words and works I was deeply stirred. Suddenly the face of the head-man lighted up, and with a twinkle in his eye he interrupted the preacher. Pointing to me he said: "Is this your Christ?" For a moment his question seemed merely ridiculous. But as the preacher continued his good work, my mind was busy with this heathen Karen's mistake. When it dawned upon me that he had actually mistaken me for Christ, I never was so overwhelmed in all my life. And yet, I thought, is it such a mistake? True, the God-man was infinitely superior to any human being. But the missionary represents, for the time, all that these people can know of Christ. They must see exemplified in me the principles of Christianity, and the spirit of its Founder. They must see His holi-

ness reproduced in my daily life. As He, when tried at all points, was without sin; when reviled, reviled not again; emerging calm and triumphant from every distracting storm, so I must manifest the Master's spirit, and by His help preserve self-control under the most trying circumstances. They must see Christ truly represented in my life until they can look beyond, to Him who is the "Author and perfecter of our faith." That was a high standard set for me by that poor heathen Karen, but it has proved more helpful to me than anything in all my Christian experience. It stimulated me to strive the harder to be able to say to my people "Be ye imitators of me, as I also am of Christ."

The Burman race has the reputation of being thriftless and lazy. Many have prophesied that the "Burman must go to the wall" before the encroachments of natives of India, Chinese, and Karens. As seen in the chief towns the Burman has fairly earned such a reputation.

If he has government employment, even a petty clerkship, he is good for nothing else. Many are "birds of the night"—gamblers—and loafers by day.

The average citizen spends the most of his time in indolence, supported by his more enterprising wife.

But in the jungle villages we find a very different state of affairs. Few men are found in

the village in the daytime. To prepare their land, plant, harvest, thresh, and market the crop of rice, requires diligent work almost the whole year round. I have almost regretted their diligence sometimes, when compelled to spend a day in almost idleness waiting for the men to return from their fields at sunset. Then an hour or so passes while they are getting their evening meal. By this time it is pitch dark, if there is no moon. There is not a lamp in the whole village. Ordinary methods will not attract tired men from their homes. There is no time for house-to-house preaching. But the Gospel *must be preached.* If we cannot reach them by day we must reach them by night. In the home-land a magic-lantern service is resorted to now and then, as a special attraction. We have come prepared to do the same in the jungle villages. Early in the day we clean up a spot in the centre of the village, and stretch our large white curtain between two trees, or support it by bamboo poles. A clean white sheet in a conspicuous place, is a novelty in itself sufficient to advertise the presence of outsiders. While tracts are being distributed from house to house the evening service is announced. If there is no musical instrument to call the people together the headman is asked to sound his gong at the appointed time.

The magic lantern never fails to draw a crowd.



Transplanting Rice



Dorian Sellers

But as the first picture is thrown upon the screen we notice that many are hanging back where they cannot see and hear to the best advantage. Then we discover that this has been mistaken for a traveling show, and that they are keeping out of reach of the collection plate. They can hardly believe our repeated assertion that all this is for them, "without money and without price." At last the crowd is gathered in as close as possible, the children sitting on the ground in front. At first we show a few pictures illustrating their own life and customs. How pleased they are when a Burmese damsel arrayed in gaudy skirt and flowers, appears on the screen. Then we pass to pictures illustrating mission work among their own people, taking care to emphasize the fact that Christianity has already made substantial progress in Burma,—has come to stay. By this time our dusky audience has become accustomed to the novelty of the situation, and is ready to settle down to look and listen.

Now we pass to our real purpose,—the setting forth of Jesus Christ as the world's Saviour. Often the preacher has been met with the demand, "Show us your God." That "God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship in spirit and truth" is beyond the comprehension of the heathen mind. He has no conception of an eternal, invisible God. He can point to his god in that idol-house on the hilltop, but where

is the Christian's god? Great care is taken at the outset to make them understand that these pictures of Christ on the screen are in no sense idols; that we do not worship the pictures. Then each picture is made a text for a brief but earnest sermon, as we strive to convey to them, through eye and ear, some conception of the majesty, power, holiness, and love of God as revealed in Christ. There is a crisis when we reach the picture of the crucifixion. Christ is the Christian's God, and *his God is dead.* That thought is expressed in various exclamations. Up to this point we seemed to be carrying our audience with us, but now they slip from our grasp. For the moment the case seems lost, the message rejected. How earnestly we pray that the Holy Spirit will make "the attraction of the cross" realized by these heathen men and women. Have we made a mistake in displaying the cross in the first proclamation of the gospel in these villages? Surely "Christ and Him crucified" was the central theme of Paul's preaching, wherever he was. He Himself said, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me." This theme and this picture shall have their place,—we will leave the result with God. Without waiting for too much of a reaction we pass to the picture of the resurrection. At once the preacher gathers fresh courage. With earnestness and triumph in his voice he sets forth the glorious fact of the

resurrection. "Yes, Christ died for our sins, but He laid down His life that He might take it again." After citing proofs of the resurrection we close with the ascension. Christ enthroned, with "All power in heaven and on earth," "ever liveth to make intercession for us."

The people fully understand that there has been nothing supernatural in the appearing of the pictures on the screen, and yet they are more deeply impressed than when appealed to through the ear alone. As one man expressed it, "How can we disbelieve, when we have seen with our own eyes." For day-work we sometimes use large coloured pictures illustrating the life of Christ. A bamboo pole is fastened up horizontally about five feet from the ground. The picture-roll is suspended under the pole so that each picture, when done with, can be thrown back over the pole. This method is very effective with the children, and can be used when the older people are at their work. Both old and young enjoy the pictures, for all have child-minds.

On one occasion we were preaching by this method in a Karen village. A middle aged Karen, a typical specimen of "the Great Unwashed," planted himself directly in front of the picture, intensely interested in what he saw and heard. As the young preacher graphically described some of Christ's miracles, or told of the sad events of the Passion Week, the man's face

was a study. Its expression changed with the varying sentiment of the message,—now wreathed in a smile that showed all of his blackened teeth; now drawn down with a look of sadness that would have been comical but for the sacredness of the theme. The narration of Christ's heavenly words and works would be responded to by an "Ugh, Ugh" of approval; the story of His rejection, by the same grunts in a different tone, expressive of disapproval. This man, at least, was ripe for a personal application of the message.

Now and then we find a village in which is more than the usual amount of prejudice against Europeans. The people have suffered some real or imagined oppression. Not being able to discriminate between the missionary and the official, they naturally resent his coming.

Sometimes a whole day must be spent in disarming their fear. We learn that a man is sick with fever,—the medicine-box is opened and the sick man treated. Children come peeping around the corners, and we win them with picture-cards. A young mother goes by with her little one astride her hip, and we praise the baby. So by degrees we work our way into their confidence and prepare the way for our message.

Not always can the missionary accompany his native evangelist in their jungle tours. It may be that other forms of mission-work compel him

to remain at headquarters. It may be that his health has become so affected by the climate that he can no longer endure the unavoidable hardship and exposure. It may be that funds are wanting to cover the expense of further touring. Missionary experience has demonstrated the wisdom of adopting the Master's method, and he sends out his native helpers "two by two." One man alone confronting the forces of heathenism, may become disheartened. Poorly trained, he may find himself led into argument only to be worsted. He may get sick, and have no one to take care of him, or carry a message to his friends. But "two by two," one encourages the other. When preaching, one supplements the other. The one who follows warms to his work even more earnestly than the one who led off. What one does not think of the other one does. We have often marvelled at their faithfulness, knowing that nearly every attempt to preach Christ to the heathen is met by a rebuff from some one. They may have made repeated attempts without any sign of fruitage. Should they "shake off the dust" of their feet as a testimony against every village in which their message is not well received, they would soon cover the ground, and go out of business.

Often after a day of ox-cart riding, followed by preaching extending well into the evening, we have retired to our curtained corner in a native

house, so weary that a bamboo floor seemed smooth and soft. Retired, but not to sleep,—for no sooner are we out of sight than the preaching begins again. Among the many who have heard the gospel, one, two, or half a dozen want to know more about this new teaching. They climb up into the house, and with the preachers form a circle around the smoking tin lamp. To ten, twelve, or one o'clock in the night the preaching goes on. We forget our weariness, for we know that the very best work of all is now being done. The preachers are face to face with the few who are willing or anxious to hear, unhindered by scoffers or fear of neighbours.

Native evangelists are not encouraged to attend heathen festivals by themselves, although these large gatherings furnish good opportunities for preaching and tract distribution. Their presence at a heathen festival might be misunderstood, besides furnishing an excuse to weaker Christians who might be attracted by the pomp and show. The one exception is the heathen funeral. As has already been pointed out, the funeral is also a festival, but animated to some extent by a different spirit. There are genuine mourners in the house, besides the wailers who make such ado by turns. There are truly sympathetic friends, besides the many who attend because it is customary, or to share in the feast. There is one solemn subject, death, that will not

down, besides the idle chatter of the throng. Here is the place for the preacher. Now and then, it is true, he is summarily dismissed the moment he attempts to preach. But as a rule he finds many who are in a sober, thinking frame of mind, ready to listen to the Christian teacher's view of death and the Great Beyond. That the deceased will some time reappear, as man or animal, they believe, but not as the same individual.

The Christian doctrine of the immortality of the soul, is utterly foreign to all their thinking. They have no conception of a final state of bliss or misery. Nothing is final except Neikban,—annihilation,—and few there be who find it. In the Christian doctrine they see a ray of hope. Some from real interest, others from curiosity will listen to the message. Sometimes it happens that the deceased was the heathen wife of a Christian husband, or the heathen husband of a Christian wife, for they do not always separate where one is converted to Christianity. Such a case happened near our home. Ever since his baptism Ko Poo had led a terrible life with his heathen wife, who cherished the most intense hatred of everything Christian. After a lingering illness Ko Poo realized that his time had come. Far from dreading death he hailed it as bringing sweet release from an unhappy life. Before his death he made his will, bound his lit-

tle ten year old boy to the mission, and secured the missionary's promise that in spite of all opposition, he should have Christian burial. His people were given their choice whether to have the remains taken to the Christian chapel or to have a Christian service in the house, in which his wife would still be living. They chose the latter course. But an unforeseen event occurred, complicating matters. The wife was taken suddenly ill, and died at half-past seven in the morning, two hours before the death of her husband.

Some said that her ill-timed demise was a final manifestation of her spirit of interference with all Christian doings. Be that as it may, it was now inevitable that there would also be a heathen funeral at the house, at the same time. Here was an occasion calling for diplomacy, but not for yielding. They knew the missionary too well to expect him and his native preachers to quit the field. According to native custom a body is kept from three to five days,—a dangerous custom, to say the least, in a tropical country, with no facilities for embalming. The remains of the wife might be kept longer if they so desired, but according to Christian custom the funeral of the husband must be held on the second day. "Oh, no, that would not be good. They had lived together so long, now let them be buried at the same time." So they yielded that point. Next, where should they be buried?

The Christians had their cemetery, and the Buddhists had theirs. The missionary could plead his promise to the dying man that he should have Christian burial, a promise badly kept if the interment should be in the Buddhist cemetery. Of course they were not willing that the wife should be buried in the Christian cemetery,—so that point was peaceably gained. Then, how should the two coffins be conveyed to their last resting place? "As they had lived together so long, let the two coffins be carried side by side,"—but that would not do, for they were not bound for the same destination,—another point quietly gained. The next problem was, should the usual expensive spire-topped bier be constructed, on which to place the wife's coffin. The Christians were not providing anything of that kind, so the heathen friends were easily persuaded to forego their custom for once, and save the money, for the benefit of the orphaned children. When the time came for the Christians' service the missionary repaired to the house, whither the native preachers had already gone. In fact, one or more of them had remained there the entire time from the death of Ko Poo. At the appearance of the missionary and the Christian company the tom-toms ceased their din, and the room was made for all to enter. When a movement was made to bring from the upper part of the house the coffin containing the remains of the husband,

one of the heathen relatives suggested that both coffins be brought down, at the same time, and be placed on the trestle side by side. When this had been done, the missionary made a sign to the native pastor that all was ready for the service to begin. Then the situation, of their own creating, dawned upon them. A Christian service was about to be held over the wife as well as the husband! A man jumped up in anger to protest, but was quietly though emphatically told to sit down and not disturb the service. Christian hymns were sung, appropriate scripture read, prayer offered, and brief but earnest talks made by three of the Christian workers, including the missionary. A crowd had gathered filling all available space in the large room, and open space out to the street. There was not the slightest disturbance or evidence of dissatisfaction throughout the service. Scores heard for the first time of Christ—"the Resurrection and the Life." Many others heard anew, under more impressive conditions. Then the procession formed, the Christian section in advance, and all moved slowly up the street, to the sound of the tom-toms in the rear. At the Buddhist cemetery, the heathen section swung off, the Christians going a short distance beyond to their cemetery. The husband's relatives followed with the Christians. After a brief service at the grave, all returned to their homes. So closed a unique experience,

and a rare opportunity to proclaim Christ as Saviour.

Often the Christians have opportunity to minister to a mourning mother—"weeping for her children; and she would not be comforted, because they were not." In a twofold sense "they are not." According to Buddhist belief, for infants there is no hope. Little boys are hardly considered human beings until they have spent at least one day in a monastery. The status of little girls is still more uncertain. The mourning mother has not even David's comfort, "I shall go to him, but he will not return to me." She sorrows without hope. Her little one is dead, it was too young to have a soul, it is simply to be taken away into the jungle and buried. How her face brightens with hope, in spite of her belief, when we tell her that her little one is safe in heaven. She is ready to listen to the sweet story of Jesus blessing little children; and saying to His disciples, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me; and forbid them not; for to such belongeth the kingdom of heaven." Her mind may be so dark that she fails to take in its wealth of meaning, but it is a message of comfort, at least. Even some native Christians who had lost little ones before their own conversion, have carried with them the old heathen ideas concerning their lost ones until assured by the teacher that they will see their little ones again. This truth

comes to them as a blessed revelation, giving joy and hope in place of sadness. Human nature is much the same, the world over; the same susceptibility to joy and sorrow. Christ in the heart makes all the difference.

A sad occasion, furnishing a grand opportunity, was the burial of a little child of mixed parentage. The father had returned to England, leaving his native concubine and two little children. The younger, only about nine months old, sickened and died. Heathen friends and relatives of the mother came to the mission with a request that the child be buried according to Christian custom. A large company gathered at the grave, all Buddhists except the missionary and the native pastor. The heathen friends were allowed to set a circle of lighted candles around the grave according to their custom. Then a short passage of scripture was read, containing the Saviour's words "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for to such belongeth the kingdom of heaven"; and "He took them in His arms and blessed them, laying His hands upon them." Men and women listened intently while the precious truth, so new and strange to them, was set forth that these little ones, far from being soulless creatures,—as Buddhism teaches,—are choicest material for the paradise of God. And that except a man become as a little child, in simple trust and purity of

heart, he cannot enter the kingdom of God. Returning to their homes these people must pass the missionary's house. Twenty of them stopped to get tracts that they might learn more about the Glad Tidings.

Another method of preaching Christ is through "medical missions," or the incidental medical work, which every missionary must perform. As a philanthropic work medical missions would be justified from a purely medical or humanitarian point of view. The woman who had "suffered much from many physicians" was a victim of men probably much more advanced in the knowledge of medicine than the average Burman doctor. Both the diagnosis and the treatment are based on superstition.

The so-called doctor enters that profession because he has a taste for it and thinks he can do well (for himself) at it. He requires no training, and no drugs other than he can pick up in the jungle as he goes along,—herbs, barks, and roots of a peculiar smell, shells, stones, etc. carefully gathered at the right time of the moon. Some of the articles in his stock possess a real medicinal value, and now and then are put to their proper use, as is the case in country districts the world over. Any one of the ninety-six diseases which, according to the Burman notion, the flesh is heir to, may have come from one of about as many different causes. The sick

man may have been bewitched, one of their many demons may be having a turn at him, or perhaps he has offended the great nagah, or dragon. If it is due to the balance of kan, fate being against him, the case is hopeless. That the sickness was caused by eating unripe fruit, drinking from a polluted well, or eating dried and putrid fish seldom occurs to the man of science who has come on to the scene to lessen the chances of recovery. Such is the fear of cholera that cathartics, in many cases the only remedy needed, are rarely given. Some of the Burmese, averse to taking medicine of any kind, prefer to call a dietist. No matter what the ailment may be, the patient's birthday determines the treatment. Every Burman knows the day of the week on which he was born, though he may not know the month or the year.

His own name would recall the day, should he forget it. Certain letters are assigned to each day of the week, according to the planet from which the day took its name. The person's name must begin with one of the several letters belonging to his birthday. Now in like manner all kinds of food beginning with one of those letters the patient must carefully *shaung*,—avoid. Rice would be tabooed on Saturday, but as no Burman can eat at all without rice, an exception is made, to save the doctor's popularity. Burying an effigy of the sick person is sometimes re-

sorted to, in order to fool the demon who is hanging around the house. Thinking his victim has died, he will depart. Massage sometimes is very helpful. Half a dozen people in a village are noted for their knowledge of the muscles of the human body, and for special skill in the shampooing process, but nearly every man and woman attempts it now and then. This may be done with the hands, or by treading slowly back and forth on the prone body of the sufferer. Practiced with discrimination it has more value than all the nostrums of doctors or dietists. But unfortunately the Burmese practice it for everything, from a lame toe to confinement cases. A prominent Burman in Rangoon recently declared as his belief that Burma's immunity from the plague is due to the reverence of the people for the "three precious things" of Buddhism, "the Buddha, the law, and the priest." Against the occult power of Karma on the right side of the scale, accumulated by such faithful observance of the noble precept, the baccilli of the plague can make no headway. By the same reasoning the presence of the plague in India is attributed to the fact that Hinduism with its revolting customs and bloody sacrifices has supplanted Buddhism in that country.

Putting these two together he confidently asserts that the only effectual remedy for the

plague in India is the restoration of Buddhism as the national religion.

Mortality among infants is very high. This is remarkable when one considers the faithfulness of the mother in attending to its wants, starting it on honey and water in place of its natural food; and afterwards supplementing its natural food by stuffing little wads of boiled rice into its mouth while it is yet but a few weeks old. Moreover, special precautions are taken against the departure of the little one's "butterfly-spirit." That which the Christian calls the soul, the Burman calls the sense of *knowing*, and is personified as the "butterfly-spirit." When the body dies the butterfly-spirit also dies. When a mother dies leaving an infant behind, immediate precautions must be taken to prevent the child's butterfly-spirit from going off with the mother's. Incantations are resorted to, and they distractedly appeal to the dead mother not to take away the butterfly-spirit of the babe.

Then a ceremony is performed with a tuft of fluffy cotton to imitate the return of the spirit to the body of the child, who is blinking in blissful unconsciousness of the awful crisis through which it is passing. During one's sleep the butterfly-spirit may go wandering about by itself, hence the peculiar experiences in dreams. The temporary absence of the butterfly-spirit does no harm, unless perchance it gets lost in the jungle,

or badly frightened, it rushes back so tumultuous as to cause a shock to its owner. Another danger is that the person may be roused from sleep while the butterfly-spirit is off on a picnic, in which case he would at least be sick until the spirit returns. A sleeping man must not be disturbed, however imperative the summons.

I was once the victim of over solicitude on my behalf. Travelling to Rangoon by night-train, with a Burman as a companion I fell asleep. The Burman knew that I was very anxious to reach my destination on time.

He also knew that while I was asleep our train was delayed, and that an opportunity offered for a transfer to the mail-train which had the right-of-way. But that fellow, educated and Christian that he was, had not outgrown the feeling that a sleeper must not be roused, and so let the chance slip by. An important business engagement was missed, to say nothing of subsisting on one ear of boiled corn until twelve o'clock the next day. Much more might be said to show that there is a large field, and an urgent demand for medical missions. I am fully persuaded that, given a medical missionary with an "evangelistic temperament," which means a "passion for souls," no other missionary agency can be compared with medical missions. Especially is this true of work among Burman and

Shan Buddhists. The value of the work depends largely on the man himself.

If he cannot or does not win the people to himself he never will win them to Christ. The spiritual work will suffer in proportion as he allows himself to become absorbed in the purely medical or scientific side of his work, leaving the evangelistic work to the native helpers.

The doctor has rare opportunities for personal influence in his dispensary and in heathen homes. It is to be greatly regretted that at the present time there is not one medical missionary in the whole country assigned to Burman Buddhists, who comprise about four-fifths of the population. All of the Shan mission stations have medical missionaries, and the success of their work testifies to the soundness of the policy, though this policy was due primarily to the need of such protection for the missionary family in these frontier stations.

The medical missionary has a double hold on the people. The dispensary brings them to him, and his outside practice takes him to their homes, and that by invitation. In both respects he has an advantage over the clerical missionary. Moreover, as medical treatment is the ostensible object in their case, anti-Christian opposition is not prematurely excited. Frequent visits of the clerical missionary to a heathen home, brands that home as leaning towards Christianity. The

one, by relieving suffering, removes prejudice, although he may at the same time proclaim Christ as faithfully as the other who, by making that his sole errand, unavoidably excites prejudice. If as the result of a man's ministrations the blind receive their sight, the lame walk, and fevers are banished, he is forgiven for being a Christian, and others are forgiven for consorting with him.

All governments and religions recognize the fact that to elevate a people the beginning must be made with the children. It is too late now to "begin with the child's grandfather." Missionaries do not confound education with evangelization, but they do recognize its great value in the evangelizing process. Ideally, evangelization should come first, and education afterwards to meet the consequent demand. This is usually the method followed, to the extent of the evangelizing force available. The missionary to Burmans is shut up to a choice between losing the children of Christian parents to the government, Roman Catholic and S. P. G. schools; and establishing an anglo-vernacular school of his own, in connecting with the Education Department of government. It has come to pass that every school for the Burmese in the towns, *must* have government registration, and must teach English. Every boy, whether from a Christian or heathen home, is bound to have the certificates

which only registered schools can give, and is bound to have an English education. If the missionary does not provide the opportunity the male children of his Christian community will go where they can get it. The Education Department holds annual promotion-examinations. Certificates are given to all who complete the course. These certificates are the condition of securing employment in government clerkships, mercantile houses, and in all schools connected with the Education Department. The boy who picks up his education in a vernacular school, or a non-registered school, however proficient he may become, stands no chance in the race. So much for the point of view from the native side. It is also a generally recognized fact that non-Christian races never will be evangelized by the missionary alone. The great work of the missionary is to train up a native evangelizing agency through which he can multiply himself, perpetuate himself, and establish a self-sustaining work, that will go on when he shall have been compelled to lay it down.

Time was when a middle-aged convert from a jungle village, with no education beyond the ability to stumble through a chapter in his Bible could do fairly effective service. Such men are still helpful outside of the towns, if helped by the missionary to a better understanding of their message. Evangelists of such limited training

are far from ideal, even for jungle tours. In the towns their influence is very slight.

How shall a stronger force be provided? Only through the mission schools,—there is no other way. It may be said that the missionary is not called upon to educate clerks for government. It is also true that he is not called upon, by his Master, to decide beforehand what boys in his mission shall be educated for the ministry. Much of a boy's training must be given before he himself is sufficiently mature to comprehend a divine "call" to the ministry. If no place is given for such a call, the native ministry will be filled with men who would do better service in the rice-fields. Rice would be their main object in the ministry. Moreover, the preliminary training cannot even be deferred until the boy is converted. The vocation of the preacher is not hereditary, like that of the various castes in India. The son of a dacoit may be converted during his school life, and become a preacher. The son of a preacher may become a dacoit, or at least never feel called to the Christian ministry. The mission school cannot even be limited to children of Christian families. Opening the doors to all classes willing to pay for the advantages of the school greatly reduces its cost to the mission.

Increase of numbers does not involve increase in the number of classes or teachers. Much of

the expense is thereby placed where it belongs,—upon the people themselves. Opening the doors to all classes furnishes the grandest field for evangelistic work within the missionary's sphere of influence. Every day in the week Christian influences are brought to bear upon the same individuals; Christian truths are inculcated; the creeds of false religions forestalled in youthful minds; prejudice against Christianity dispelled, and either during school life, or when the pupils are free to break from the control of heathen parents many converts are gained. From these converts, as well as from children of Christian parents, come accessions to the mission force of teachers and evangelists. Paul was "laid hold on by Christ Jesus" for special service while he was yet as intense a hater of Christianity as can be found in Buddhist Burma. From among the unconverted children now in mission schools some, already chosen in the foreknowledge of God, will be "laid hold on" to be Gospel preachers to the rising generation.

From the early days of Buddhism in Burma, even before the language was reduced to writing there were monastic schools for the purpose of teaching boys the doctrines of the new religion. When the language was reduced to writing, all boys were compelled to attend the monastic school to learn to read and write, in addition to the memorizing of portions of the sacred books.

This is still the custom, where no English schools are provided. With the advent of the English school compulsory attendance at the monastery is continued for religious purposes only, and may be limited to the brief period required by the novitiate ceremony, through which every boy must pass. This may extend to three months, or be cut short at the end of a week, according to the zeal of the parents, or the anxiety to get the boy back into the English school so that he may not lose his promotion examination. Let a boy spend a year in the monastery, and you have a full-fledged Buddhist to deal with. Take the same boy into the mission school at the age of five or six, even earlier where there is a kindergarten department, and you have a child who is no more a Buddhist than your own little ones. Buddhism is not hereditary, it is the result of training and environment. Forestall that training by taking the children into the Christian school, and there train them in the blessed doctrines of Christianity. For the poisonous environment of the heathen home and community, substitute the Christian influences of life in the mission school. For this purpose the boarding-school, in which the pupils are required to live, and be under Christian influences and safeguards day and night is worth vastly more than the day-school, which holds the pupils only during school hours, allowing

them to return at night to their heathen homes.

But the existence of the mission day-school, with its staff of native Christian teachers, and its daily Bible-study is amply justified by results. The pupils thus kept away from the monastic school are not being indoctrinated in Buddhism; they are being indoctrinated in Christianity. Few children in Christian lands receive a like amount of Bible teaching. I venture to say that there are day-schools in Burma, made up largely of children from heathen homes, that could successfully compete with the average Sunday-school in America in answering questions on the Bible. Heathen parents of pupils in the day-school have complained that their children have already renounced Buddhist worship and customs, and openly preach Christ to their own parents. Whether these pupils are gathered into the Christian fold or not, a few years hence they will be rearing families of their own. The next generation, born of pupils now in mission schools, will not be taught to hate everything in any way connected with the "Jesus Christ religion," as these pupils have been. Even the day-school is one of the stepping-stones heavenward for these benighted beople.

The Karen village school-teacher, besides his regular work in the school, brings his influence to bear on the parents as well, with the re-



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sult that in many instances the entire village is won to Christianity. Some of these teachers are marvels of consecration. Poorly fed, poorly clothed, often with no other pay than their meagre fare, far from home and friends,—they are worthy a place among the heroes of our time.

Scores of these schools are now in operation. Their value as an evangelizing agency can hardly be estimated. Many of these teachers are young men, just out of the training-school in town. Following the example of the missionaries under whom they have been trained, and catching something of their spirit, these young men have themselves become missionaries. If in Christian villages without settled pastors, not only the children in the school, but men and women of all ages become their pupils, recognizing the young teachers' superior training, and willingly sitting at their feet, both in their homes and at the regular worship in the village chapel. If in non-Christian villages the teacher, by his school and such other influences as he can bring to bear, excites an interest in Christianity, of which as yet they know nothing.

They wanted a school because they had noticed, or had it impressed upon them by the missionary, that other villages were benefited by having schools. The missionary seizing the opportunity, inserts this entering wedge, with its

Christian influences which they would not accept from the regular evangelist. The net is cast, and it gathers of every kind. Soon "the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence" and the whole village would take it by force, only checked by the requirements that they utterly abandon their spirit-worship, and turn unto the Lord with all their hearts.

This requirement not only differentiates the Christian villages from the heathen, but from the Roman Catholic villages as well, for the latter are allowed to retain all their old customs and vices, adding thereto the vices of their foreign teachers. Martin B. Anderson once wrote to a friend—"The work of our eastern missions is vastly more comprehensive than ordinary Christians suppose. It is nothing else than the creation, among a heathen, semi-barbarous, and ignorant population, of the most advanced type of Christian civilization. This at least ought to be the ideal which we should have before our minds, and for whose realization we should constantly labour. The cultivation of the moral and religious nature of man should be carried on simultaneously with the highest practical development of the intellectual powers. Can such an education as our eastern converts require be communicated to them through their vernacular languages? My own impression is that it cannot. It (the English language) comes to them freighted with all the in-

tellectual accumulations of the past. It brings to them the terminology of spiritual religion, of the science of the mind, and the science of God. Their preachers and teachers, and moral and political leaders must be trained in English, or their education will be inadequate and narrow."

The foregoing pages describe some of the many methods employed by our missionaries, who would "by all means . . . save some."

IX

"WITH PERSECUTIONS"

AMARAPURA had been the capital of Burma forty years when, in 1823, a great fire destroyed some of the royal buildings. Having decided that Amarapura was an unlucky place the capital was restored to Ava.

Judson's first visit to the capital occurred at this time. The king had requested him to open a mission at Ava, and offered land for the purpose. Then a war cloud on the western coast arose to darken his prospects. The British at Chittagong refused to deliver up certain Burmans who had taken refuge there.

In 1824 the Burman king declared war. Several Englishmen who were then at Ava, were seized and thrust into prison.

Judson and his associate, Dr. Price, suspected of being in league with the English, were also imprisoned.

The son of Bodáwp'ra, known in history as Badawgyi, was then king.

The Burman kingdom, with the exception of Chittagong, was yet intact. The haughty king imagined himself to be the most powerful mon-

arch on earth; and that his cities were impregnable, his armies invincible. Unable to discriminate between Americans and Englishmen, the king caused all white men to be thrown into prison together.

Eleven months at Ava and six months at Aungbinle Judson and Dr. Price suffered indescribable misery.

Bound with chains, crowded in with scores of natives, famishing from lack of suitable food, the whole place reeking in filth. Mental distress was almost equal to the physical, for Judson's beloved wife and child, whom he longed to see, were also suffering. In the providence of God their lives were spared, but they would feel the effects of such sufferings to the end of their days.

A school history of Burma contains this touching reference to the released missionaries and Europeans: "A sadder spectacle has seldom been presented to living human beings than that which was offered to the English camp by those liberated captives. They were covered with filthy rags, they were worn to skin and bones, and their haggard countenances, sunken, wandering eyes, told but too plainly the frightful story of their long suffering, their incessant alarms, and their apprehension of a doom worse than death." Such was the experience of the first missionary to Burma. The oft-repeated remark, "The days

of missionary heroism are past," has done much to deaden interest in foreign missions. It is not my purpose to give a prominent place to the subject of missionary sacrifices.

A few illustrations, which might be multiplied, will serve to show to what extent the spirit of Burman Buddhists has changed since the time when they inflicted upon Judson such terrible tortures.

In 1842, a few years after Judson triumphantly held aloft the last leaf of the Bible translated into the Burman language, the first martyr laid down his life "for Christ's sake and the gospel's." His name was Klo Mai,—a converted Karen. A company of Burmans broke into his house, abused him cruelly, threatening his life if he would not recant.

His son Shwe Nyo, also a Christian, leaped to the ground and hid himself in the jungle, but not until he had been severely stabbed. Klo Mai was dragged from his house and crucified by his heartless tormentors. Bound to a hastily constructed bamboo cross, in the form of a letter X, he was left to die, and did die, rather than deny his Master.

His son Shwe Nyo, became an effective preacher of the gospel, stimulated to the greater earnestness by his father's faithful example.

Surely he "bore in his body the brand-marks of the Lord Jesus," for he carried with him until

his death in 1892, the scar of that stab received in his youth.

Buddhism has been said to be the most tolerant of all non-Christian religions; and the Burmese the most tolerant of all Buddhist peoples. This may be true, up to a certain point. Judson gave as the reason why Portuguese Roman Catholics were left unmolested in Burma, that "very few Burmans entered that church, proselytism being the only thing in foreign religions to which Buddhists object." But to gain a convert from Buddhism he declared to be "like pulling the tooth of a tiger."

With the establishing of an elaborate police-system, by the British government, and the certainty that crime would be punished, missionaries and native converts no longer had reason to fear the more violent forms of persecution. But the Burman still found ways to persecute, without laying himself liable to the law of the land, when one of his people had the temerity to forsake the ancestral religion.

A case of this kind was very soon brought to our notice. Our personal teacher was a young convert. In his native village he had heard the gospel from a travelling evangelist; learned more from tracts that were given him; believed what he heard and read, and openly declared his belief to his people. This excited such anger and opposition that he was obliged to run away from

home. His people followed him to the mission, threatening to kill him if he did not renounce Christianity, and return to his village. The young man again escaped from his persecutors, and remained in hiding until they returned to their homes. The missionary gave him the training he so earnestly desired, and he became an effective preacher. A few years later, in company with the missionary and others, he returned to his village and openly proclaimed Christ before them all. At our mission station a middle-aged man was led to Christ by this young man. The new convert's wife and others bitterly opposed his companying with the Christians, and attending their worship. When it became known that he was to be baptized, his mother followed him to the river and earnestly besought him to give up his crazy purpose. Failing in this she returned home and told his wife that her husband had actually *been baptized before her eyes.* This so enraged her that she snatched his clothing from its place, and would have cut it to bits had not the mother prevented her. For several days and nights the husband and father had to remain away from his family, waiting for the atmosphere to clear. At last the wife consented to live with him, but her continued opposition was a source of great unhappiness until, a few years later, he was called to "come up higher." At another mission station an old man became a convert, and

felt it his duty to be baptized. At first he shrank from it, knowing what the consequences would be, but he felt that he should "obey God rather than man." His decision raised a terrible storm of opposition. His own grown-up children joined with the rest in calling him crazy. They tore around like fiends, slapped and pushed the poor old man, and twice knocked him to the ground, before the missionary could rescue him. It was a terrible test, but God was with him.

Encouraged by the missionary, he walked out of the village to the waterside, and without one of his relations to witness his "obedience of faith" he followed his Lord in baptism. Radiant with joy he returned to the village, though he knew that henceforth his foes would be "they of his own household."

Another missionary has given the following account of the conversion and baptism of a pupil in one of the mission schools.

"It gives me great joy to record the baptism of another of our pupils, the first Burman to be converted in our school, or in this town, so far as I know. He has come out amidst bitter opposition and persecution from all his friends.

"More than a year ago he asked his parents' consent to his baptism, but received nothing but curses from his mother, and tearful entreaties to postpone his baptism, from his father. After waiting a year he told them firmly that he had

decided to obey God rather than man, and that if they still withheld their consent he must be baptized without it. So during a visit from Mr. ——— last month he presented himself as a candidate for baptism. His sister came to the preliminary meeting, and attempted to prevent his being received. Failing in this she left in anger, threatening him with a beating when he returned home. He had scarcely left the river-side, when his mother appeared, and after much loud and abusive language ordered him home, renewing the sister's threat of a beating. He went obediently, saying as he left, 'This is a very hard day for me, but I can bear it with joy for Jesus' sake.'

"They did not use personal violence, but employed every other means to hurt and humiliate him. When he remained steadfast they called in all their relations and friends, a large and respectable company, for they are a family in good standing, and spent the evening in trying, some by gentle persuasion, some by threats and ridicule to make him renounce his Christian faith. But he only answered that he knew he had found the right way, and should never forsake it. He even dared to preach to them of the true God, until his father commanded him to stop.

"The following Sunday they took away his jacket, and threatened to come and curse us if he came to worship. Since they have given up the

hope of winning him back to Buddhism, they simply ignore his presence in the house, and have informed him that he is at liberty to eat at home but will never receive another *pice* from them while he remains a Christian. His former friends have forsaken him, some even refuse to speak to him. Yet he has not wavered for a moment, and often says with a radiant face, 'This religion is a very happy religion.'"

In a distant village lived a young Christian Burman, with his heathen wife. He was the only Christian in the place, and for miles around. Unflinchingly he confessed Christ as his Saviour, in the face of much prejudice and opposition. One night men burst into his house and demanded his money and other valuables. Not securing so much as they expected, they began beating him with their clubs. He shouted with all his might, but not a soul stirred in the surrounding houses. With each blow they reviled him saying, "Can Jesus save you? Can Jesus Christ save you?" Having satisfied their brutal instincts, and being unable to secure more plunder they descended to the ground, dragging the young man with them. As they passed through the village they shouted threateningly, "Let no one follow us." There was little danger that any one would follow. There was not a light in the village, and not a head showed itself. Doubtless some of the villagers were in league with these

villains, others were intimidated, supposing they were dacoits.

The young man, bruised and suffering, was forced to accompany his persecutors about a mile, where they released him. He worked his way back to the village, and on the following day persuaded two men to take him to the nearest railway station, six miles away.

Jungle roads were impassable, but he made the journey astride a buffalo. Reaching the mission station he was examined by the medical missionary, who found that he had sustained a green fracture of two ribs, besides a serious scalp wound and many bruises. Acting on information furnished by the missionary, the police traced and captured the whole band. They were sentenced to terms in the penitentiary, ranging from four to seven years.

Here is an extract from a missionary's account of a tour made in 1883 to a town in Upper Burma where now is a Christian church and school:

"Before going north Maung ——— was warned not to use the same boldness of speech that he was accustomed to use in British Burma, lest they should kill him. But as far as I observed he was bolder than ever, denouncing idolatry in every form, and pleading the merits of Jesus Christ.

"A German who had declared that there was

not a true conversion among the Burmans, was compelled to acknowledge that he had been mistaken, for no man (said he) could face what this one did who was not a Christian."

As has been said, there is little reason, at the present time, to fear for one's life. But such instances of persecution as here given are being repeated at every station where mission work among Buddhists is being carried on. Here we have enacted before our eyes a living commentary on these words of Christ: "Think not that I came to send peace on the earth. I came not to send peace, but a sword. For I came to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law; and a man's foes shall be they of his own household. He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me." The doctrine that "There is no other name whereby we must be saved" inevitably would produce this very result, as every missionary witnesses.

It is my profound conviction that missionaries and native converts owe the safety of their lives, under God, to the strong arm of the British Indian government. Doubtless the majority of Burman Buddhists, if left to themselves, would tolerate any foreign religion in their midst.

But they are not left to themselves. The priest

is the Pharisee of Buddhism; each idol-maker a modern Demetrius. The one says: "Only by our hold upon the superstitious reverence of the people we have sustenance." The other says: "Only by this business have we our wealth."

Both hate the Christian evangelist with a bitter hatred. Take away the strong arm of the law which, by many severe lessons, they have learned to respect, these emissaries of Satan would make the advent of a Christian evangelist an occasion of rioting rivalling that of Ephesus.

Judson's experiences would be repeated in the experience of many a missionary. As it is there are scores of Buddhists who secretly admit that Christianity is right, but dare not openly break away from the toils of this Buddhist hierarchy.

The reign of Badawgyi, the king that imprisoned Dr. Judson, extended to 1857. During the last years his authority was but nominal.

The humiliation of his defeat by the English; loss of territory; and from 1830, the degradation of being compelled to have a British resident in the royal city finally drove him insane. In that condition he remained until his death, in 1845. So ended the career of this cruel king under whom Dr. Judson suffered. At about this time the capital was again transferred to Amarapura, which remained the capital until the founding of Mandalay, in 1860.

Ava was left to fall to ruin. From the found-

ing of Ava until it was finally abandoned, thirty kings had reigned there, for periods from a few months up to thirty-eight years, including temporary changes of the capital.

I visited the site of Ava in August, 1903, crossing the Irrawadi River, from Sagaing. The old city wall, from which much of the brickwork has been removed, still stretches along the bank of the river for two miles. The main entrance, through which Judson must have passed and repassed, is still intact, though the great gates have disappeared.

The city was built in the angle formed by the junction of the Irrawadi and Myitngi Rivers, and extended back along the Myitngi one and a half miles. A smaller inner wall enclosed the palace and other royal buildings. Only one building of the entire city is still standing.

This building is of brick, plastered on the outside with cement, and represents the best workmanship of which their imported Indian architects and masons were capable. It is about twenty-five feet square and seventy-five feet high, and is without doors or windows. There was a brick and plaster stairway on the outside, winding around the tower. From some unknown cause the tower long ago settled on one side, so that it leans fully six feet out of perpendicular. This settling threw down the massive brick stairway, which now lies in chaotic ruin.

This lofty building, standing within the royal quarters, was the watch-tower. From its top long views up and down the great river, and out over the open plains, could be obtained. Sentinels paced its top to give timely warning of the approach of an enemy. On a great gong they struck the hours by day and night. The sound, easily reaching far beyond the limits of the royal grounds, would be welcomed by Judson and his fellow sufferers to break the awful monotony of life in the miserable prison, which stood outside the inner wall. The prison was demolished many years ago, but within the memory of Burmans now living near by. Around a large tree, that must have been large enough in Judson's time to furnish partial shade from the fierce rays of the tropical sun, a circular platform of old brickwork still remains. Broken brick and roofing-tile cover the ground.

Much of the site of the old city is covered with tangled jungle-growth, through which chetahs and other animals sometimes prowl. A score of Burmans are slowly digging up the ground to the depth of about three feet over the entire area once covered by the royal buildings. Now and then their labours are rewarded by finds of jewelry or silver.

The finer earth below the layer of *débris* is washed for gold dust, from the many gold-decorated buildings that have marked the spot through the reign of many kings.

The sight of the Ava prison having been identified beyond a doubt, the Baptists of America would do well to place there a suitable monument to mark the spot where their first missionary suffered so much "for Christ's sake and the gospel's."

After suffering for eleven long months at Ava the prisoners were transferred to Aungbinle, a day's journey to the northeast. In company with the missionary at Mandalay I rode to the place, two days before my visit to Ava. Aungbinle is about five miles east of Mandalay, towards the hills. Among the public works of Bodawp'ra, who reigned from 1789 to 1819, was an artificial lake, formed by a raised embankment of earth enclosing about fifteen square miles of the nearly level plain.

This was filled by means of a canal connecting with a natural lake two or three miles farther north, fed by mountain streams.

In these two reservoirs abundance of water for irrigation could be stored for use through the many rainless months. This artificial lake was called "Aung-binle"—the conquered or shut-in sea.

At its southwest bend Aungbinle village still stands, though its thatch-and-bamboo houses have been renewed ten times over since Judson was brought there to be thrown into the death-prison.

The site of this prison also has been identified beyond a reasonable doubt. An aged Burman there pointed out the spot to missionaries who were investigating the matter several years ago.

A Burman official who had been there many years, and was familiar with land-titles, confirmed the old man's story. More recently an old brick pathway was discovered when ditching the road that passes the prison-site. This further corroborated the statement of the two Burmans that the police quarters were on the north side of this road, and the prison on the south. There is little room for doubt that the brick pathway connected the two. The prison itself was only a bamboo structure, of which nothing would now be left.

A Buddhist monastery erected later near the prison-site, was destroyed by fire a few years ago. There are two pagodas within a stone's throw, one of which may have stood there in Judson's time.

Except a few slender palms, the region must have been treeless, the heat indescribable. The location of Mrs. Judson's house is uncertain. Judging from the situation of the village, and the character of the land near by it must have been quite near the prison.

The Baptist mission has secured about two acres of land, including the prison-site. By the generous gift of two American Baptists who recently visited Aungbinle, a neat and substantial



ELEPHANTS AT WORK

brick chapel has been erected on the prison-site, as nearly as can be determined. A little farther back, and to one side, is the Burman preacher's house, also included in the gift. The missionary, who frequently visits the village, has provided a miniature cottage of thatch-and-bamboo, in which to rest and find protection from the mid-day heat. As one attempts to realize the situation as it was,—Judson suffering untold agonies, aggravated by his heartless tormentors,—in the miserable prison; Mrs. Judson, in her isolation and friendlessness, suffering from privation, intolerable heat, disease, and the yet greater mental suffering on account of her husband who might at any moment be led to execution before her eyes,—the picture becomes more and more terrible. Then as we turn again to the chapel and preacher's house our thoughts rise in praise to Him who has wrought these changed conditions. On the very spot where the innocent and the guilty were together imprisoned and tortured, an earnest man of God, of the same race as the king by whose order these men suffered,—now proclaims Jesus Christ as the world's Saviour.

As I turned away from this spot, and again as I passed out through the old gateway at Ava, it was with an earnest prayer that a double portion of Judson's spirit might rest upon his successors in this heathen land.

X

HEROES AND HEROINES

IF heroes and heroines are men and women who have shown startling qualities in time of stress and strife, many such may be found among converts from heathenism. The examples here given are from my own fellow workers.

U Po Hline, pastor of the church at Pyinmana, is well known in the Burman mission. A conspicuous figure at conventions and associations, his massive form, intelligent face, and dignified bearing mark him a "Saul among his brethren." But U Po Hline's interesting history is not so well known. His early life was spent in the yellow robes of the Buddhist priesthood. There he learned the real inwardness and emptiness of the ancestral religion. In it he could not find that which could satisfy his spiritual sense; nor was he satisfied to lead the indolent, selfish life of the Buddhist priest.

But familiarity with their arguments and contents of their sacred books, gained during the years of monastic life, was yet to be turned to good account. Casting off the yellow robes he became a tiller of the soil. By industry and

good management not common to his race, he possessed himself of rice-fields, bullocks, and buffaloes, and money interests among the villagers where he lived.

Loyalty to the British Indian government never has been, and is not to-day true of the mass of Burmans. U Po Hline's broader intelligence led him not only to accept the inevitable, but also to see what benefits would accrue to his race from English rule. He used his influence to restrain his people from acts of violence, and in various ways lent his aid to the progress of law and order.

In those troublous times he had an adventure, of which he never speaks unless questioned on the subject. Returning from Rangoon where he had marketed his harvest of *tsan*,—unhulled rice,—he and his boatmen were attacked by dacoits. The boatmen, terrified by the fiendish yells of these desperate dacoits, threw down their paddles and would have tried to escape by taking to the water. Not so U Po Hline.

Neither his life nor his rupees were to be taken so easily. Crawling under the *paung*, he seized his rifle, and,—to use his own words—"Two of the dacoits sank in the water, and did not reappear." The tables were turned. The dacoits, now as badly frightened as the boatmen, lost no time in taking to the brush. U Po Hline still remembers the adventure with the sad feeling

that although acting in self-defense, he sent two souls into eternity unprepared. His conversion is especially interesting. A copy of the New Testament, given him by a native evangelist, was the means of shaking his faith in Buddhism; and of awakening a desire to know more about the "Jesus Christ religion."

Relating the circumstances of his conversion he said: "I kept my New Testament in my jacket pocket wherever I went. When resting from my work I would take out my Testament and read a little, slowly going on through Matthew, Mark, and Luke,—but I understood nothing of what I read. I read about the birth of Jesus Christ, His teaching, His wonderful miracles,—but who Christ was I did not know. Then I came to John. In the first chapter I read: 'In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God and the Word was God.' Then a little farther down I read: 'That Word everything created; and without a divine creating was not so much as one thing.' Is that so, I said. Did that Word make *me?* and not only me, but everybody and everything in all this great world? And then I read that He was the Light, and the Light shines in the darkness, and the darkness would not receive it. Why, I said, that is just the way it is here. These people are in the dark, and will not believe what the preachers of the Jesus Christ religion say to them

"Then still farther down I read: 'The Word took the state of man, and lived among us.' And as I read on, I found that the Word that was with God, and was God; and created all things; and became flesh and lived on earth was the same Jesus Christ that I had been reading about in Matthew, Mark and Luke! I went home and told my wife that I had become a Christian; and that as the preacher said that all who enter the Jesus Christ religion must receive the dipping ceremony I am going to get baptism." "Were you not afraid your heathen neighbours would make trouble?" I asked him. "What trouble could they make, teacher? Nearly all of them were in debt to me. But when I told my heathen wife, she was very angry, and said, 'Very well. If you want to be baptized,—*be* baptized,—but I *will not be a Jesus Christ wife.* I never, never will live with you.' Finding that she would not relent I said: 'Do not go away.

"'All this trouble is not because of your changing, but because of my changing. If anybody is to suffer, I must be the one to suffer. There are the eleven buffaloes, and the six rice-fields, and the house, and the banana garden,—take everything,—only let me have the thirty rupees in the box, and I will go away. I will go to Toungoo. If they will not baptize me there, I will go to Henzada. If they will not baptize me there, I will go to Bassein. If they will not baptize me

there, I will go to Maulmein.' I had taken the Jesus Christ religion with my whole mind, and I was determined to be baptized." This was no idle boast.

He meant just what he said, and, like Paul, was ready to suffer the loss of everything, that he " might gain Christ, and be found in Him."

His example, so unlike his former self, soon softened his wife's heart, and she now said: " Never mind, do as you like,—we will live together."

Not long afterwards she too became a Christian. Wherever U Po Hline went he fearlessly preached Christ. But it was in his own village that his influence was specially felt. His faithfulness and success seemed sufficient evidence of a call to the ministry. Greatly needing such helpers, I soon arranged for him to give his whole time to evangelistic work. His ordination, at the Pegu Association held in Toungoo in 1894,—will long be remembered by the missionaries present.

A missionary at a frontier station sent a request that an ordained preacher be furnished to baptize several converts already gained, and to accompany his young preachers on a tour among the villages.

The matter was laid before U Po Hline, and left for him to decide whether he wished to go, or could stand the long hard journey over the

mountain ranges. Accepting it as a call from God, and trusting to Him for strength, he got ready and started at once. After spending a month in that distant field, he prepared to return to his home. It was a long tramp of sixteen days. The missionary gave him money to hire a coolie to help carry his load. Besides his roll of bedding, cooking utensils and food, one of the young preachers had given him three lacquer-ware vessels, as presents for his former teachers. The coolie must be paid in advance, according to the custom of the country. After going a few miles the coolie found an excuse to get out of U Po Hline's sight, and ran away, taking the money with him. At the next village another coolie was engaged, who must also be paid in advance. They had gone but a short distance when he too ran away. U Po Hline was now without money to pay for help, so he trudged on alone, carrying the load of two.

He got along very well so long as his path lay along the mountains. But when he descended into the plains his strength gave out, and he found himself burning with fever. There was no other way than to plod on, as he was now far from any village. Finding himself unable to carry all of his double load, he first threw away some of the cooking utensils.

Growing weaker, he threw away the bottle of oil and part of the rice.

He would not part with the presents that had been entrusted to his care for the teachers, whom he loved. To give the rest of the story in his own words:—"I would plod on until my legs would sustain me no longer. Then on my knees I would pray: 'O Father, I have been away doing Thy work, I did the best I could, now give me strength to reach my home.'

"Then I would get up and go on again until, from weakness, I fell down in the path. Then I would pray again: 'O Father, I have been away to do Thy work. I did the very best I could. Now do give me strength to reach my home.' So I went on, falling, praying, struggling on again, until at last I reached the cart-road, and joined some cartmen. I had carefully saved my last rupee to pay my fare when I should come to the railroad. I thought,—if I must, I can sell my silk turban. But the cartmen were kind, and gave me food, while I preached to them." As he finished his story he untied the bundle, and laid the lacquer-ware presents at our feet, utterly unconscious of the fact that by his devotion to his teachers, and to what seemed to be his duty he had shown a spirit of true heroism, worthy to be "told as a memorial" of him.

A short time before I left Burma U Po Hline came to me and said, "Saya, I have been thinking like this:—The Apostle Paul said to the Co-

rinthian Christians, 'Paul planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase.' When Saya came to Pyinmana thirteen years ago there was not a Christian in this town nor in all this great jungle. No nor ever had been. It was all wild, the dwelling place of dacoits, tigers, bears, and snakes. Saya has been planting all these years. There has been some reaping, to be sure,—but much more is ready for reaping. When I first came to Pyinmana, wherever I showed myself, in Bazar or street, the people would call to one another: 'Come and see Jesus Christ, come and see Jesus Christ.' 'Yes,' I would say, 'I am here to represent Jesus Christ.' Sometimes they would listen to my preaching, but often they would jeer so that I could not preach, they were so ignorant and wild.

"But now, besides our little company of Christians, there are many in these villages who listen attentively, and some are truly 'considering.'

"Now Saya must return to America, and another Saya will come. Don't go away discouraged, Saya. We shall *soon be reaping* here. You will hear about it, and be glad. If it is God's will that you return to Burma, you will 'come rejoicing.' When I first came to Pyinmana,"—he continued; "I had a dream. In my dream I saw great fields of rice on three sides of this town. These fields were turning yellow, promising an early and large harvest. How like

the Bible, is my dream, I thought. This dream strengthened my faith and made me glad. God's time is not yet full, but I believe it will be full soon. This Pyinmana mission is Corinth. Saya is Paul. Saya has planted, the coming missionary will be Apollos, to water the planting. God will give the increase." May this noble Christian hero live many years, to cheer and help the missionaries, in their common effort to dispel the heathen darkness.

This faithful native pastor is but one of many who hold not their lives dear to themselves that they may accomplish their course and the ministry which they have received from the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God.

Nan Paw was born in Yā-bok-kōn village, in the year 1877,—so she thinks, but is not certain as to the village or the date. When we first saw her she was an orphan, as to her father; worse than orphaned as to her heathen mother. Both Nan Paw and her elder sister had already been several years in the mission school. The sister, Mai Lone, came first. Now and then she returned to her village home with such wonderful stories of tidy white jackets, pretty *longyis* (skirts), clean beds, and nice new books, that little Nan Paw wanted to come too. She wanted to see the big "white mamma," and enjoy the life that her sister was leading. Mai Lone had learned to read,—a wonderful thing for a girl to do. Not a

girl in the whole village could read, no, not even her own mother! And Mai Lone could sing, too! Little Nan Paw sighed for these privileges and accomplishments, and was a heathen no longer. Never again could she know contentment among the dogs and filth and degradation of her own village. But in vain she entreated her mother to let her go with Mai Lone to live at the mission school. Finding that her pleadings were of no avail, she took the matter into her own hands, and *ran away*. The mother finding her little girl settled down in the mission dormitory to stay, finally gave her consent. When we came to take charge of the school Nan Paw had already overtaken the older girls in her studies. The smallest in the class, she was head and shoulders above them all in brightness and winsomeness. To see her was to love her. It would not do to make a pet of her, for petting spoils native children as quickly as kittens. Quick to see what needed to be done, and how to do it, she soon became very useful about the house. A little later a Christian Endeavour Society was organized. Nan Paw may have learned to love Jesus before this; but now, with several others she gave herself to Him fully and openly, and to the great joy of all, was baptized. The years rolled by,—and Nan Paw, having passed through all the grades of the mission school, became a teacher. During a vacation she made a visit to some of

her heathen relations in a distant village. When the school reopened she did not return to her duties. Several weeks had passed when we learned that she had returned to her mother's village. We sent word to her two or three times, urging her to return to the school, though we could not compel her to do so. At last one of the Christians went to her home to ascertain, if possible, why she had become unfaithful to her duties as a Christian teacher. He brought back word that something was the matter with Nan Paw. When he tried to talk with her she would keep her hands covered, and try to conceal her face behind her scarf. With a sad face he said, "I think our Nan Paw *is a leper*."

Measures were taken at once to ascertain the facts. Alas it was too true. In some way or other,—whether by heredity or contagion we could not learn,—our dear Nan Paw had become a victim to that terrible disease. How our hearts ached for her. Now we knew why she had not returned to the school. While we were fearing that she was yielding to heathen influences; and that she was making a poor return for all the affection we had bestowed upon her, the dear girl's heart was nearly breaking. She knew that she must bid farewell to her pleasant life in the mission, and to her beloved associates. All aspirations to support herself, to rise in her chosen work, to be respected, to marry well—were ut-

terly crushed. Henceforth she must be an outcast, despised by her own people. Nothing before her but a living death, the disease steadily growing upon her, until fingers and toes would waste away, her whole body become covered with repulsive sores,—and no power on earth could help her.

After a time arrangements were made to send her to the Leper Asylum at Mandalay, over two hundred miles away. There, under the direction of the missionary in charge Nan Paw became a teacher of others—afflicted like herself. It would not have been strange had she utterly given up to despair,—and sought release by death. But with wonderful submission she gave herself to Christian work,—the only woman in the asylum who could read and teach the Word of God.

Here is a translation of one of Nan Paw's letters to her sister :

" Sister, to you a letter do I send. By the kindness of God I am come to the Home for Lepers, in Mandalay. Here am I to teach His law, and in teaching it I am glad. For this purpose, I am persuaded, has He brought me here. Whether I am to remain all my life, or for a little while I know not. My prayer is that God may quickly take me to Himself.

" Why He has brought this affliction upon me I do not know.

"When I consider (my condition) my heart is exceeding sorrowful.

"The teacher has been very kind, and spent much money upon me. The physician is good. Now in all things, my sister, I place myself in the hand of God. In so far as I am able I will strive to do His will. That I may be happy in proclaiming His law, will you ever pray.

"Your affectionate sister,

"NAN PAW."

But after a year in the asylum Nan Paw longed to return to her native village. This she was permitted to do. The disease grew worse and worse.

Her people, backed by the village priest, then made a determined effort to break down this poor girl's faith in Christ, and turn her again to Buddhism. They knew how to cure the disease, they claimed, and would cure it if she would worship the priest. Pressed beyond endurance she at last in sheer despair prostrated herself before the priest in the attitude of worship. They then gave her medicine several months, the disease all the time growing upon her. Not only the terrible leprosy of the body, but her soul was troubled with the thought that by dishonouring her Lord she had become leprous with sin.

One day when they wanted her to join them in their heathen worship she broke out in great indignation: "No I *never* will worship like that

again. By your false and useless promises you made me deny my Lord. But from this time I do it no more. I turn again to my own God, who can at least save my soul." Again Nan Paw sent word that she wished to go back to the asylum. She was an outcast in her own village, and in her own mother's home. No one dared to see her. She cared to see no one. At the Asylum she could be no unhappier. There all would be alike unfortunate,—birds of a feather flock together.

I immediately arranged for her return. The native Christians contributed generously to make up the required sum. As Nan Paw would be a teacher, the superintendent kindly offered to provide special quarters for her, apart from the other lepers. I sent word to Nan Paw that I wished to see her before she went away, for I was soon to return to America, and might never see her again; that I loved her as a daughter, just the same as before her misfortune. But she sent back the pathetic reply: "To dear teacher this brief letter I write. That God may pour a blessing upon teacher and all the church members I am praying.

"But I am not fit to be seen. To show my face I am ashamed. I do not even meet my friends in the village. Therefore please excuse me. By the half-past eight train I am going to Mandalay. There is with me a very great sor-

row. In no place is there any gladness. Only sorrow's tears are ever falling. Now because teacher, by the favour of God, is trying to help me, it is a great kindness. And teacher has written favourably to Mandalay in order that I may go. That I may be set free from my great sorrow, and that God may speedily gather to Himself my soul, ever pray." But when circumstances made it necessary for her to come to my house she overcame her fears, and in the dim light let me talk with her, face to face. Again I assured her that "Sayah and Mama" loved her the same as before; that her Saviour's love was just the same; that by and by we would be together in heaven, and all be alike, with all these earthly distresses left behind.

In the asylum Nan Paw is the only Christian woman among about seventy-five of her own sex and race. Every day she conducts religious exercises; and every Sunday she stands by the pulpit in the chapel to set forth Christ as Saviour. After she had been there a few weeks she sent back this letter: "Dearly beloved teacher. I reverently greet you, and pray that God may pour His Spirit upon you and all the Christians, to do His work. Especially, according to teacher's efforts, in order to do the divine work in this place,—by God's guidance I have come.

"There have now been three Sundays, and I have preached. The first Sunday I explained Matt.

5 : 1–12. The second Sunday I explained John 3 : 1–21. The third Sunday I explained Acts 13 : 1–12,—about the ruler's faith and God's power. God planned that I should be brought to this place. Nevertheless, teacher,—though I seek ease of mind in this world, I find only distress. Therefore pray that God may speedily take my spirit. Because teacher,—according to the will of God, has helped me, I praise God's mercy.

" Your daughter,

" Ma Nan Paw."

In this child of the jungle, brought to Christ through the agency of the mission school, stricken with a loathsome disease in the prime of life; submissively bowing to the will of God, and striving to show others how to escape from the leprosy of sin, we see the true martyr-spirit. One day the Master will come and touch her with His finger, saying " Be thou clean," and receive her into His Paradise above.

XI

PECULIAR EXPERIENCES

IT is well for the weary worker in a strange land that with the austere and sublime, there is now and then a spicing of the ridiculous.

Happy the man who is so constituted as to appreciate the ridiculous when it happens. A few such instances will serve to illustrate the many-sidedness of missionary life. The first was when the writer was a new missionary; otherwise it might not have happened. The boarding-school occupied the ground floor of the mission bungalow, the missionaries living above it. One day a great commotion was heard in the schoolyard. Looking out of the window, the school children could be seen scattering in all directions. The old saying "Every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost," was being enacted in a very realistic manner.

Hard after the "hindmost" was a demoniac,—a crazy Karen woman.

Evidently the children had been teasing her, but oh how they did repent, as they ran! This terrible creature had seized a short bamboo, and was rushing after them in insane fury. Poising

it like a spear, she hurled it endwise. Happily it missed its mark, or there would have been a name or two to strike off the school roll. Advancing at double-quick I got between the children and the enemy before she could make another charge. Whether by faith or by force I must now cast out a demon. Pointing to the gate, I said "*go.*" She went not. "*Go,*" I repeated, and suiting the action to the word, started for the gate with my incumbrance. Started,—only that and nothing more. There seemed to be two opinions as to ways and means. I recalled a remark—"The natives are coming to think for themselves." It must be true. This particular native suddenly collapsed, sinking to the ground, in a disgusting heap of obstinacy. Filthy beyond description, hair matted and tangled, her whole person so covered with vermin that she was scarcely responsible for her movements,—what to do with her I was at a loss to know. It was a larger contract than had been bargained for. Something must be done, or the missionary would lose prestige with the school, and be subjected to repeated annoyances by this crazy woman. Picking her up by main strength, we started again. There was a short struggle at the corner of the house, where she grasped a post with both arms, and held on with the tenacity of an octopus. Disengaging her from the post, I thought to get up sufficient momentum

to carry her safely through the gate, but failed. Again there was a tug of war. Again might made right, and our unsavoury guest gave up the struggle. Casting back a wild but vanquished look, she departed, never to come back.

We will pass to the "hot season" of our second year.

The missionaries of the station were spending a few weeks of it on a mountain twenty miles from town. One mission building was in process of construction,—work that demanded frequent inspection. To look after this work I must make the round trip of forty miles once a week, *while resting*. At one time, passing through a Karen village, the pastor lent me his pony for the journey. On reaching town I threw the lines to a schoolboy, who unsaddled the pony and turned it loose in the compound. When ready to return to the mountains it was found that the pony had walked out through an open gate, and was missing. Search was made, but the pony was nowhere to be seen. While waiting for the day to cool, the pony returned of his own accord, and came trotting into the compound. This was luck indeed. The schoolboy quickly saddled and bridled the pony, and away I went, anxious to make up the time I had lost. Arriving at the Karen village I hitched the pony under the owner's house. A grown-up daughter sitting on the stairs, modestly inquired

"Where is *our* pony?" "What's the matter with *this* pony?" I asked. "*Our* pony is a *male*," she said. The missionary took off his hat. He scratched his head. It was dawning upon him that he was in a pretty mess. If this is not the pony I borrowed, then where is he? and whose pony have I stolen? And where shall I find the money to pay for the other pony, if not recovered,—which is an even chance? how shall I explain being in possession of this one, if called to account? It did not take long for these questions to go through my mind. The case called for prompt action, but my empty stomach was calling for food. Mounting the stolen pony I proceeded up the mountain. Before reaching camp, the Karen pastor's son came hurrying up the path, riding on the lost pony. The pony had returned to his own village, fifteen miles, afoot and alone. One problem was solved, and my mind relieved to that extent. But in the eye of the law, should the law find it out,—I was a criminal, for my explanation might or might not be accepted. As the sun was going down, one of the larger schoolboys who was at the camp,—started back to town with the other pony. I gave him a letter addressed to the police, taking upon myself the responsibility. The boy was not to trouble the police if the police did not trouble him. Going by the most unfrequented roads, he arrived in town before mid-

night. Turning the pony loose where first seen, he hurried back to the mountain as fast as his legs would carry him, reaching camp before sunrise. The missionary never knew whose pony he had taken. It is doubtful whether the owner ever missed it.

At one time I was passing through an unfamiliar jungle accompanied by a coolie, who also acted as guide. Darkness was coming on and good time must be made, or we must spend the night in the jungle.

Coming to a place where two roads met, I chose the right hand road but the guide insisted that the left hand road was the one to take. The missionary reluctantly yielded to the coolie's better knowledge of the jungle paths. We went on and on, but instead of coming out into open country, the jungle grew more and more dense. We were lost. It was now pitch dark, so that even the wrong road could no longer be followed. There was nothing left but to spend the night where we were. Just as we had made up our minds to this, I caught sight of a light, through the trees. Groping our way ahead we discovered that we were near a small Karen village. In response to our shouts two men came to meet us, with guns and torches. They were Christian Karens, and glad to find that the belated guest was a missionary, rather than a dacoit. I soon made myself at home with the family and until

a late hour friendly conversation was kept up, through the medium of Burmese. The children were brought to be inspected and *praised*. The baby, several months old, had not been named. Wouldn't the teacher please give the baby a name? It is quite customary for the Karens to ask their missionaries to name the babies. To this particular missionary, whose work was wholly among Burmans, it was a unique experience. He had a dear relative in the home-land, named Julia. She should be honoured with a namesake. "Please write it out, because we might forget it," they said. But there was not a scrap of paper in the house. Taking the cover from one of my lunch cans the name was carefully scratched on the inside with a pocket knife, and handed over to be laid up in the family archives. At last the baby had a name, and the mother was happy. Now it was time, and long past time, to get a little sleep. The best mat was unrolled and spread in the open front, for the teacher. In the coolie's baskets was a change of clothing, greatly needed after the dust and perspiration of this long day,—but how could clothing be changed? —Nor husband nor wife nor daughter would retire until they should see how the teacher did it. The natives themselves usually sleep in the same clothes they have worn all day. Is a change desired they have only to put on an extra *longyi* —skirt, and let the inner skirt fall to the floor.

They have no idea how the white people are dressed, until they see them undress. Such an event is too rare to be missed. Husband, wife, and grown-up daughters will stand by, with all the interest of a medical class in a dissecting room, while he takes himself apart, picking up each piece as he lays it off, with comments such as only the untutored child of the jungle would ever think of. There was no help for it,—so, kicking off my shoes, I stretched out as I was, with my saddle for a pillow. The family then retired, but evidently feeling that they had not seen their money's worth.

Wishing to enjoy the luxury of a bath in a stream, one is sometimes obliged to wander off in the opposite direction, to throw the villagers off the scent. Were his purpose known, he would have so many of the native maidens at his heels, as to render the situation somewhat embarrassing.

At break of day we were conducted through the jungle by a short cut to the path we should have followed. Having no opportunity to revisit that village, I never knew what became of little "U-lee."

Another experience was certainly interesting at the time, and might have been the last, with no one to describe it. Returning alone from a jungle tour, I reached a river at nine o'clock at night.

There was no moon, but the stars were shining. The opposite bank, high and steep, could be dimly seen against the sky. During the floods of the rainy season the bank had caved off, so that neither man nor beast could ascend it. The natives had dug out a narrow path diagonally up the bank. In the darkness this path could not be seen from the other side. Two Burmans, who were fishing by torchlight, pointed out the direction in which the path would be found. Taking a star to steer by, I forced the pony into the river. Soon the water became too deep for fording, and I felt the rather uncomfortable sensation of riding in the saddle on a swimming pony. By daylight it would not have been so serious, though the current was strong. In the darkness and alone, it was not so pleasant to be in deep water, in mid-river.

The pony struggled bravely on until he reached the bank, and scrambled up on a ledge of joint-clay. There was no path to be seen. The pony had landed in a little cove where the perpendicular bank rose from the water's edge. Back into the river he must go. This he refused to do. Getting between the pony and the wall I pushed him off the ledge, springing into the saddle as he went down. The pony was then headed up stream, first swimming around a tree that had fallen into the river. No path to be found in that direction. Returning down-stream, now

wading, now swimming—the path was found at last.

A thankful missionary sat down on the bank under the twinkling stars, and wrung the water out of his clothes as best he could, before continuing his journey.

The missionary candidate dreams of the time when he will break the bread of life to the heathen. His dream will be realized, in time,—but he will do a great many other things, of which he never dreamed.

He may not know a plane from a plummet, yet there are houses to build, and he must be both architect and superintendent. He must understand, or learn to understand everything that pertains to the upkeep and conduct of a large mission, with its many-sided work. He may not know the use of the simplest remedies, but must be doctor for scores, and perhaps hundreds of people. The writer had this to go through, and some of his earlier patients still live to tell how much quicker they might have recovered if the teacher had not treated them.

On one occasion a boy came for medicine. He looked very thin and weak. He wanted medicine for fever and diarrhœa. The usual questions were asked as to frequency of attacks, etc. When the medicine had been prepared the missionary said: "You take one dose now, and another when you retire——" when the

boy spoke up, "Oh, no,—it is not for *me*, it's for *mother*."

A pupil in the school had frequent fits. The Buddhist priest said that an evil spirit had taken up his abode in the boy. His people came to me, saying that the priest had tried to cast out the evil spirit, but had failed. "Bring him to me," I said, "I will cast the spirit out." He came, swallowed a strong vermifuge, and a dose of castor oil, putting an end to his demoniacal antics.

One of the saddest times in the missionary's life is when he must lay down his work, and take an imperatively needed change in the home-land. That it will be no small loss to himself,—in the inevitable sacrifice of household effects,—is the least of his anxieties. But even in this experience he will find a silver lining to his cloud, as he turns it over. A fellow-worker once unwittingly helped us to a hearty laugh,—just when we were most needing such a reaction.

Boxes had been packed, and were being duly labelled for the home voyage. One piece, to be stowed in the hold of the steamer, had just been marked with black paint. Our friend sat down on this box during his brief call, none of us thinking of the fresh label. As he turned to go we saw plainly stamped in reverse order across his white duck pants—"NOT WANTED."

XII

OBSTACLES

TO many minds there is great fascination in the thought of self-sacrifice. Separation from native land and loved ones, to spend one's life in a strange land, among uncivilized people savours of renunciation more than human. The high plane of spirituality, already attained, would be easily perpetuated.

Cut off from everything that had stood ready to prey upon one's weaknesses, those weaknesses would no longer have to be guarded against.

In a life devoted to ministering spiritual things to people who have as yet no spiritual conceptions there would be reflex blessings furnishing all the spiritual help one would need. In short, the missionary is looked upon as belonging to a peculiar order of beings, almost supernatural, dwelling in a sort of seventh heaven of immunity from difficulties against which the ordinary soul must contend.

In calling attention to certain hindrances, it is to guard against romantic notions. The depressing influence of life among a heathen people hangs over one like a cloud.

The natives are so sodden in vice, so wedded to their idols, so prejudiced against all foreign religions, so dull of head and slow of heart to understand and believe. At times it may seem to be all sowing and no reaping,—enough to dishearten the most faithful worker.

To "sit in the shade of a palm-tree, and break the bread of life to hands eagerly outstretched to receive it"—is not an every-day experience.

Sunday by Sunday the native Christians assemble in the chapel for worship. The new missionary joins them. Here he will not be distressed by the degradation of the heathen without. His heart will be glad as he sees these people, rescued from idolatry, worshipping the true God. He cannot understand what is said, but he can join in silent prayer. It is intensely interesting, for a few Sundays. But after a time these services, in which he is utterly unable to take other than a silent part, will be found inadequate to meet his spiritual need.

It will be two years or more, before the missionary can join in all parts of their worship. During this time he will often remember with deep longing the privilege of his own church in the far away home-land. In fact, worship with people of another race and tongue never quite meets one's spiritual requirements. Constant outflow, without corresponding inflow will run any pool dry. Then he will find himself so over-

whelmed with work, perplexed by financial cares, hindered by innumerable interruptions that it will seem almost impossible to find time to put forth special effort by reading, meditation, and prayer, for the maintenance and upbuilding of his own spiritual life.

One's very zeal for the kingdom of Christ may dwarf one's fellowship with Christ. No matter how sound in theory, loyal in spirit, or vigorous in action, there will come periods of reaction, though not of discouragement. "Tired in, not of the work." The discouraged missionary is yet to be found. "*He* shall not fail, nor be discouraged—till He has set judgment in the earth." Often enough to keep him keyed up to his work he will be blessed with the privilege of witnessing that which never loses its fascinating interest, —the wonderful transformation of human souls, by the power of the Holy Spirit.

Other matters however interesting, are but side-lights; other experiences, however trying, are soon forgotten in the joy of seeing, and in a measure being instrumental in the advancement of Christ's kingdom.

With a heart warm with love for Christ; warm with love for souls; full of zeal for soul winning; the missionary is safe. But all these passions he *must bring with him*, rather than depending upon their being developed in and by service in a foreign land.

Dr. Judson, after nineteen years in Burma, writing to a foreign missionary association of young men said: "Beware of the greater reaction which will take place after you have acquired the language, and become fatigued and worn out with preaching the gospel to a disobedient and gainsaying people. You will sometimes long for a quiet retreat, where you can find a respite from the tug of toiling at native work,—the incessant, intolerable friction of the missionary grindstone. And Satan will sympathize with you in this matter, and he will present some chapel of ease, in which to officiate in your native tongue, some government situation, some professorship or editorship, some literary or scientific pursuit, some supernumerary translation, or, at some system of schools; anything, in a word, that will help you, without much surrender of character, to slip out of real missionary work.

"Such a temptation will form the crisis of your disease. If your spiritual constitution can sustain it, you recover; if not, you die."

Missionary views have undergone some change since Judson's time,—for instance,—"some system of schools" has come to be regarded as a necessary and fruitful part of missionary work. Moreover, instead of furnishing sweet release from the "friction of the missionary grindstone," in the school its rubs are hardest. The great

temptation now is to abandon school work, to engage in " direct evangelistic work " exclusively.

But the principal remains the same. Talk about the hardships of pioneering; pioneering is a picnic as compared with the year-in-and-year-out routine of school work. In boarding-schools there is added to the all-day work the all-night anxiety concerning the moral welfare of the pupils. Sick or well, strong or weak and weary, the work is there, and must be accomplished. The dormitories are full of boys and girls, and constant care is the price of discipline.

Nearly every day some are on the sick list, and must be visited, and remedies administered under the missionary's own eye. In serious cases the missionary becomes the watcher. I have in mind an instance when the cholera broke out in a neighbouring mission school. The lady in charge of the school took several girls into her own house, nursed them day and night, in addition to her regular work, and brought them safely through the crisis. But at what a cost. A few days later a company of sorrow-stricken missionaries were gathered around her grave, with difficulty restraining their emotion to conduct the burial service.

A beloved sister had fallen, as truly a martyr as ever gave a life to the Master's service.

The climate of Burma is peculiarly trying.

Arriving in November, as most all new-

comers do, everything is seen at its best. The rainy season has passed, leaving a placid smile on the face of nature. The nights are cool. Friends will see that the newcomer keeps in the shade from eleven o'clock in the morning until five in the afternoon,—for a tropical sun can be depended on to do his duty at that time of day, the year round. As the season advances the nights become cooler, and towards morning a chilling fog sets in.

The preceding afternoon having been hot, one retires in a perspiration, every pore open, finally dropping off to sleep—without any covering, save his pajamas. With the coming of the fog there is a sudden drop in temperature, and one is fortunate if he does not wake up in a chill, and have the doctor for his first morning caller.

Persons with weak lungs find this the most trying season of the year. But this is the "cold season," and the time when missionary work out in the district must be vigorously pressed. Away through the Karen, Shan, Chin, and Kachin hills, missionaries push their way. In the plains other missionaries are doing their best to reach as many villages as possible before the "hot season" sets in. Work which ought to close early in March, if the missionary's health is considered, is often continued until April. But this is done at the expense of health, and shortens one's term of service. At least one month of the hot season

must be spent at some mountain resort to escape the heat, secure needed rest, or for neglected literary work, if strength permits. It is not in the power of flesh to work on twelve months in the year, in the heated plains, without sacrificing strength that might be more wisely conserved.

After a serious illness, I spent a few weeks alone in a mountain camp, during my last hot season in Burma. Several great vultures kept me company by roosting in a tree close by, every night for a week.

My rapid improvement did not furnish an encouraging prospect, and they left. The fact that they had occupied the tree before I came to occupy the camp, did not make their presence much less suggestive.

By the middle of May the "Southwest monsoon" sets in. Then for five months it is rain, rain, rain. But though enough rain falls to inundate a country less amply provided with natural drainage, the awful heat continues. Clouds shut out the sun much of the time, but the steamy heat is exceedingly enervating. Clothing and bedding are clammy from the excessive dampness. Shoes taken off at night are mouldy in the morning. The unavoidable ruin of shelves of fresh new books from the home-land is enough to break one's heart, unless he has grace to take joyfully the spoiling of his goods. But as a merciful provision against allowing the

mind to dwell on such misfortunes, the "prickly heat" (*lichen tropicus*) with which one's body is covered, will demand frequent attention. The rainfall varies in different parts of the country.

In Maulmain and Sandoway the annual rainfall is about two hundred and fifty inches. In Rangoon the precipitation is about two thirds of that amount. Mandalay is in the dry belt where the rainfall is very light, and irrigation is resorted to for cultivation. But still farther north, at Bhamo, the rainfall is heavy.

The every-day display of wild beasts, reptiles, and insect life is rather disappointing to the newcomer.

In the year 1902 only seventy-three people were reported as killed by wild beasts, and 1,123 by snakes and poisonous insects. But we find that 4,194 cattle were killed by tigers; 1,386 were killed by leopards; six by bears, twenty-eight by wolves, and 4,986 by snakes. More cattle were killed by snakes in Burma than in all the rest of India. Doubtless many such deaths in remote places, are not reported at all.

Under a certain Christian chapel when the ground was covered by a flood, an average of six centipedes were counted on each post.

Other localities are equally favoured, but they are scattered about, in piles of lumber, under old boxes, and wherever they can secrete themselves, now and then one appearing in a corner

closet or crawling on the floor. On one occasion when about to take my family out for a walk two scorpions must first be dispatched.

They were found on the inside of our little boy's jacket, taken from a nail on the wall. Cobras and vipers sometimes find their way into houses,—but this happens more frequently in India than in Burma. These reptiles, though not often seen, are known to be about, so that some degree of caution is in order at all times. The general practice of elevating the house-floor several feet from the ground greatly lessens the number of these unwelcome visitors.

Not even the newcomer complains of a scarcity of the far-famed white ants. Should he fail to appreciate their numbers and powers, an experience similar to that recorded in "The Bishop's Conversion" will make him wish he had heeded the warnings of older residents.

Each queen is said to deposit about three million eggs a year. As they do their house-keeping and rear their antlets underground, a tropical sun making the hive a first-class incubator, the success of each colony is well assured. During the day myriads of other kinds of ants may be seen, but not a white ant shows his head.

Leave an old box on the ground over night, and in the morning thousands of these destructive insects will be found underneath, eating the

bottom out of it. Some of the houses built by the early missionaries, who had not learned the likes and dislikes of the white ant, were destroyed in a few years. But a house made wholly of ant-proof timber does not insure one against their ravages. Under cover of the darkness they send out their spies. The house is searched from foundation to garret. They make careful note of the location of deal-boxes, book-shelves and other tempting articles, smack their lips, and return to give their report. The floor of nearly all residences is ten feet or more above the ground, the lower part being left unoccupied. The ants, directed by their engineers, select a post, and rapidly build a covered way, about the size of half a split lead-pencil, up its side. Sand, made sticky by glue from their mouths, is the material used. Reaching the floor the path is continued along a crack in the floor, finally coming out under or behind the article selected for destruction. Unless something wanted leads to their discovery, their work will go on until chest and contents are utterly ruined. Returning from a three weeks' absence, I found several of my choicest books riddled by these pests. In place of valuable marginal notes that could not be restored was a paste of sand. Such an experience is not, at first flush, conducive to spirituality. Rather it makes one sigh for a more expressive vocabulary, adapted to his profession. While

superintending the work of demolishing an old mission house five heavy timbers fell all at once, on as many sides of me. These timbers appeared to be securely fastened, but white ants had eaten away the wood so that nails and bolts had no hold. The building had been condemned as unsafe over and over, but for want of other shelter had been occupied by a missionary family until the day before. It was little less than a miracle that the heavy roof had not crushed down over their heads.

The most dreaded diseases are cholera and fever.

In the first Burmese war seventy-two per cent. of the British troops died, only five per cent. being killed in action. After the annexation, railroad and steamship companies revolutionized transportation, substantial barracks and bungalows have taken the place of bamboo-and-thatch shanties, for the accommodations of Europeans. Improved sanitary arrangements in the towns have greatly decreased the mortality among natives. Compulsory vaccination is stamping out smallpox. Each large town has its hospital and civil surgeon. In six or eight different places medical missionaries are stationed.

Many improvements have been made since the time of Judson,—but the climate has not changed. As organized mission-work develops, the strain

on the missionary increases. To the "care of all the churches" the mission schools have been added. Work enough for four falls upon one. Breakdowns are inevitable. Careful inquiry has established the fact that the average term of missionary service is considerably longer than that of Europeans in civil, military or mercantile pursuits, though the missionary lives by far the more strenuous life. If it is desirable that the missionary should render a long life of service, this extension of each term beyond the limit of his strength is very poor economy in the society which he represents. But in the majority of cases the mistake is made by the missionary himself. Body and soul he is wedded to his work. There never comes a time when he is not making some special effort, that he shrinks from entrusting to another,—for the advancement of the kingdom. If another is not available to take up the work he will almost die at his post rather than leave his people "as sheep having no shepherd." The remedy is in the hands of God's people in the home-land. Had he not learned to possess his soul in patience the missionary might feel disturbed by unfriendly criticisms directed against missionaries and their methods by that worldly-wise individual known as the "globe-trotter." Entertained at the missionary's home, and in much better style than the missionary can afford or indulges except on such occasions, he sits in

the best room, and by the light of the only table lamp in the house dashes off an article on "Missionary Luxury." He travels three thousand miles, and visits fifty stations in three weeks, then goes home to pose as an authority on missionary methods, life in the tropics, etc. It is simply incredible what a variety of misconceptions one can pick up in three weeks in a strange land. Representatives from churches and societies in the home-land are gladly welcomed, if they purpose to remain long enough to form correct views of the situation. It takes the missionaries themselves at least two years to form such views.

Not long ago a noted Christian worker visited Burma. He was very earnest in his desire to see much in a little time, and yet get at the real heart of things. To further his desires two missionaries arranged a jungle trip, that the visitor might see the people in their native haunts. The last stage of the journey must be made by ox-cart. As they were loading up for the start he turned and said, "Now brethren, you know,—I want *impressions*." Then again, more emphatically as he stepped in front of the wheel to put a bundle on the cart—"You understand now,—I *want impressions*." The off-ox seemed to sympathize with him, for he gave him an impression then and there,—on the right knee-cap. Then another on the left knee-cap. In great pain the young enthusiast staggered to a log and sat

down. Helped into the cart, he rode the rest of the journey. The lameness lasted him several days. Doubtless the memory of these first impressions will last much longer.

The visitor will learn more in three days of Burma fever than in an entire cool season. True, he will have sincere sympathy, and the best attention possible. But everybody knows that if true conceptions are to be gained, to be disseminated in the home-land, it is a good investment.

Visitors, like new missionaries, will not be guided by the advice of the more experienced. That disasters are not more frequent is largely due to the fact that Burma is visited when the climate is at its best.

An exception to the rule was the visit of a lady who had for many years been actively interested in foreign missions. Warnings as to the deadly effects of a tropical sun, and the danger of contracting fever from undue exposure had no influence. Repeated cautions that the head must be protected with the customary "sola tope" in place of the black straw hat were disregarded. Quinine, the universal and only effective remedy in first symptoms of malaria, was rejected. She was "not subject" to these things. In short, the missionaries were unnecessarily cautious in matters of health. Malaria changed to settled fever, and went beyond the power of the best medical skill and nursing to control.

This noble worker, who had served long and well here below, and might perhaps have served yet longer, went to a happier service above.

Notwithstanding the many disasters, experience still remains the only teacher whose voice commands attention.

To meet every obstacle and trying experience the consecrated worker girds up his loins, strong in the consciousness of the fact that he is an "Ambassador for Christ" the highest office in the gift of the King of Kings. His very obstacles may become stepping-stones to higher attainments.

XIII

WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT

ADEQUATELY to answer the question, at any given time, What hath God wrought?—is beyond the power of short-sighted human comprehension.

As one studies the history of Christian missions in this land, comparing the present with the past, the question becomes an exclamation; yea, what hath God wrought! In 1819, after six years of seemingly fruitless labour, Judson baptized the first Burman convert from Buddhism.

In 1828 Boardman baptized the first Karen convert from spirit-worship. Now about forty-five thousand baptized Christians, in Baptist missions alone, chiefly Karen, but with the Burman and several other races strongly represented assemble in Christian chapels, without fear, or hindrance. Including adherents, this number may be multiplied threefold. Including the mission work of the Roman Catholics, Church of England, and other societies and their adherents; European officials, traders, and troops; Eurasions, and immigrants,—the census

of 1901 gives a total of 147,526 returned as Christians. Calculated on the same basis as the Roman Catholics and Church of England three-fourths of this grand total should be assigned to the Baptists. And as a result of actual mission work among indigenous races, a much larger proportion must be credited to these American Baptist missions. In casting up results as represented by present numbers, we should not lose sight of the thousands who have died in the faith during the ninety years of Christian missions in Burma. And I fain would believe that a good number who never "witnessed the good confession" have died believing "unto the saving of the soul." I will give one such instance among the many, as related to me by one of my preachers, himself a Buddhist, at the time. "They told me that an old man in the village where I was staying, was dying. I went to see him. Sure enough, he was near the end. His people were giving him very little attention, being angry because he declared that he would die as a Christian, not as a Buddhist. A Christian preacher had been through the village a long time before, and left a tract with this old man. He read it, pondered on it, and believed it. As I sat beside the mat on which he was lying he said to me: 'I am not a Buddhist, —I have cast that all away. I believe in the Eternal God this tract tells me about. I am go-

ing to Him. When I am dead, don't let them bury me according to the Buddhist custom. Just roll me in my mat, and cover me in the ground.' Then he looked upward, his face brightened, he raised his feeble hands and exclaimed, 'I can see Celestial beings up there, —they are calling me.' He did not say angels, —he never had heard anything about angels. And I did not know what he was talking about. I was not a Christian then. His relations said his mind had gone bad, but he paid no attention to what they said,—only kept on talking about his vision of celestial beings beckoning him from the sky. In that way he died. They buried him according to the Buddhist custom, but I think he was a true disciple."

The wife of one of our jungle Christians rejected all attempts to win her to Christ. It seemed to be a case of ignorance and indifference rather than the bitter prejudice shown by the majority of Burmese women.

During the last two years of her life she was an invalid. When the end came her husband was the only Christian in the village. Suddenly turning her eyes towards the mountains, as if hearing something—she said to her husband, "There is a great company of disciples there on the mountainside. Sayah Gyi and Mama (the missionaries) are with them,—and they are calling me." With a smile on her face she passed away.

In life she had not "confessed," but in death, as her spirit hung between two worlds her vision was not of the spirits of her lifelong superstitions,—but of the missionaries and disciples saved by the blood of Christ. You have the story,—interpret it as you like.

In all the old mission stations the native evangelists report a good number who secretly declare their conviction that Christianity is right, the ancestral religion wholly wrong. Some go so far as to assert that they no longer worship idols, but do, secretly, worship Christ.

But no amount of urging or encouraging will induce them to break utterly with Buddhism, and openly confess Christ. They will not even risk the consequences of attending services in the mission chapel.

That some are in a measure, sincere, there is no doubt. Imagine, if you can, what would be the social standing of a hitherto orthodox Christian in America, should he renounce Christianity and go over to gross idolatry. From ostracism he would suffer no more, from persecution far less than the poor native who renounces Buddhism, for Christianity. Whether any of them are numbered among the saved, is not for me to say.

There is another thought which throws a bright ray of light on the great dark wall of paganism. It is not one of the results of Chris-



Baptist Church, Rangoon

tian missions, but it is a result of the work of the Christ of missions. I refer to thousands and millions of infants and little children who die in pagan lands. If little children in Christian lands are immortal, why are not little children in pagan lands also immortal?

If little children are included in the saving work of Christ, are they not so included the world over? It is hardly conceivable that Christ would have said,—with children of non-Christians around Him: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven," had He not considered them choicest material for His kingdom. Otherwise the words "Except a man become as a little child"—would have been incongruous.

Now when we consider that probably one-third of the children born in heathen lands die before they come to the period of moral responsibility, a new factor enters into our conception of heaven. Now for a case in point. A little child died in my mission. The father was a Christian, the mother a heathen. One insisted that the child should be buried according to Christian custom, the other insisted that the burial should be according to Buddhist custom. The father, backed by the Burman pastor, prevailed. On the way to the cemetery I had to stop the procession to drive a snake out of the road. Just as the service at the grave began, another snake

passed between the native preacher and myself as we stood side by side. It seemed as if Satan himself was siding with the heathen mother and would snatch away the soul of this innocent child. While the little grave was being filled, I tried to cheer the father, by telling him that Jesus had, in love, taken the child to Himself. He knew that the mother would do her worst to bring up her child in heathenism, so He had graciously transplanted it to His paradise above. Accepting this view of the case, the father was comforted.

There are many such encouraging factors which form no part of mission reports.

Before proceeding to the more palpable triumphs of Christian missions, I would point out that much has recently been said and written of a "Revival of Buddhism." I do not share in the impression that Buddhism is becoming stronger than in former years. The presence of a European clad in yellow robes, parading through the chief towns of Burma, making great pretensions, and reviling the Christian missionaries, created a sensation for a time. But his claim to be the head of Buddhism was not quite to the taste of the many native priests who, locally, or for the province, aspired to that position. Hardly more to their taste was his departure, taking with him a generous sum of money collected during his tours. Every now and then one hears of new societies for propagating Buddhism. But

much of this is mere pomp and show. A few of the more popular pagodas are periodically treated to a coat of gold-leaf. The bulk of this great expense is borne by men who have amassed fortunes under British rule, and is more to add to their renown than from real religious zeal. But where one pagoda is now regilded, scores were built and gilded, under Burman rule. Wealth and education have raised many Burmans to prominent positions. Each one of these gaily attired lords would like to have it said, "He loveth our nation, and has gilded our pagoda." In this they are encouraged by the friendly attitude of the provincial government towards the religion of the land. In June, 1903, the trustees of the Shwe Dagon pagoda issued to prominent Europeans and others the following invitation: "The trustees of the Shwe Dagon pagoda will have the pleasure of ———, on Sunday, the 7th June, 1903, on the platform of the pagoda, to witness the most sacred ceremony of unveiling the covering of the upper portion of the pagoda as the plating of the same with beaten gold sheets has now been completed.

"Sir H. Thirkell White, chief judge of the chief court of Lower Burma has kindly consented to perform the duty of unveiling.

"U Shwe Waing,
"Managing Trustee.
"Shwe Dagon Pagoda."

The Rangoon *Gazette* thus described the event: "He arrived at nine o'clock, and was received by the trustees of the pagoda, who conducted him to a platform where a small pagoda about two feet high and studded with rubies, diamonds and sapphires, was resting on a massive silver Burmese carved stand. This pagoda was hollow and on being opened was disclosed another pure gold miniature pagoda resting on a beautifully cased gold vase. This miniature pagoda also came to pieces and contained a nugget of pure gold, part of the gold plates used in regilding Shwe Dagon. Two of the trustees, Maung Po Aung and Maung Po Tha, then each read an address and the signal was given to the man on the top of the pagoda, and Sir H. Thirkell White pulled a handle which was connected by wire with the cloth frame on the Hti, and the frame thus fell apart and disclosed to view the massive pinnacle of gold. The people broke out in cheers, and the band of the king's regiment played the national anthem, and this closed the proceedings. It has taken over 140 viss of gold-leaf for the regilding, the cost being between seven and eight lacs of rupees," over $250,000. This event, in which the most conspicuous figure was a prominent English official, though in unofficial capacity; and closing with the strains of "God Save the King," is

heralded far and wide as another indication of a revival of Buddhism.

Were Buddhism wiped out of existence the pagoda would still be preserved, as at once the most ancient and most conspicuous object in the city,—the first seen as one approaches the shores of Burma.

Buddhism never has lost its strong-hold on the races of Burma that many centuries ago adopted it. These spasmodic outbreaks of seeming zeal, interpreted by many as indications of increasing life, I interpret as signs of increasing weakness. As in India, these people are becoming alarmed by the headway that Christianity is slowly, steadily gaining in their land. It is a struggle against the irresistible tide of Christian missions. Something more than flaming pagoda tops, and societies with high sounding titles will be required to stay the tide, and Buddhism has nothing else to offer. One hundred and fifty Protestant missionaries, with hundreds of native evangelists and teachers constitute a force, which under God, is undermining false systems and establishing the kingdom of Christ.

The unveiling of the gilded pagoda top was a great event, such as happens once in a decade. The place was crowded with Burmans, and many sightseers of other races. But on that Sunday, and every Sunday, nearly if not quite an equal

number assembled in the many Christian churches in that city.

Judson, forbidden by the king to preach the "Jesus Christ religion," had faith that the future of missions in Burma was as bright as the promises of God. If in the year 1903 he is permitted to look down upon the land of his toil and suffering, he can see American missions firmly established in thirty different stations, and more than one hundred missionaries in actual service, all under the protection of the flag of a Christian nation. Buddhism is reviving, as the serpent revives to strike the rod from which it is receiving its death-blow.

Among the far-reaching results of mission work stands Judson's translation of the Bible into the Burmese language. From the time when he triumphantly held aloft the last leaf of this translation, until the present time, Judson's Bible has been used by all Protestant societies doing mission work among the Burmans. It has been revised by later missionaries; but so scholarly, and so loyal to the Greek text was it, that comparatively few changes have been found necessary. Some have criticised it as containing interpretation, at certain points, in place of literal translation. But in so far as this is true it seems unavoidable, it being impossible to reproduce the meaning word for word. Failure to reproduce the meaning would not be, in the highest sense,

a translation. But the severest criticism passed upon it is because literal translation was adopted where the critics would have a transliteration.

Of scarcely less importance than Judson's Burmese Bible are the translations, by later missionaries, of the Bible into Shan, Sgaw Karen, and Pwo Karen.

The American Baptist Mission Press, at Rangoon, is turning out vast quantities of Christian literature. Bibles, tracts, hymn books, and a great variety of other useful material for evangelistic work find their way to the remotest corners of the land. Karens and Talaings in Southern Burma, even into Siam; Shans and Kachins on the Chinese border, to the east and north; Chins in the northwest; Burmans and Karens throughout the land may have this Christian literature in their own tongue.

It can almost be said that the Mission Press is *evangelizing Burma by machinery.*

At each of the thirty stations of the American Baptist Mission a school has been established. Where work for different races is carried on at the same station there is a school for each race. There are scores of out-station schools, but the station school is the centre of influence. Here it is that the young lady missionary finds her grandest opportunity for usefulness. It is hard work, —this steady day-in-and-day-out routine, nothing

harder in the whole round of missionary endeavour.

But there is also fascination in it. With a large body of Christian pupils, as in the Karen schools, there is stimulus in it. Here are scores of young men who are soon to go out as preachers and teachers, in their native villages, or as missionaries to unevangelized tribes. Young women, too, going out as teachers, Bible-women, or perhaps as wives of some of these Christian young men. The missionaries report so many churches, so many Sunday-schools, so many evangelists sent out,—but it is largely due to the faithful work of our young ladies from the home-land that these evangelists were first won to Christ, while pupils in the station schools. To take these boys and girls when they came as children from distant villages, untidy offspring of the "great unwashed," and under God, mould them for Christian service, is as grand a work as ever fell to a consecrated missionary's lot. Thus the Christian school is letting in the light, arousing dormant faculties, furnishing scores of mission helpers, and paving the way for more glorious triumphs of the gospel in years to come. At the close of 1902 the grand total of 19,430 pupils were under instruction in schools of the American Baptist Mission in Burma. Of this number 135 were in the theological seminary at Insein. All are under Christian influence, and engaging

in daily Bible study. But what of the character of native converts?

Have the backward tribes sufficient intelligence and stamina to make trustworthy Christians? this question is often asked. A missionary thus describes the first Karen she ever saw,—"Suspended from a yoke from the forehead, hanging down the back of this Karen was a large pig suspended in bamboo strips to keep him quiet, and this pig had been brought by the man from the mountains. The man himself was very untidy, his single garment was after the shape of a pillow case; his hair, if ever it had been combed, had not been for many a day, and I said to Dr. C——'It hardly seems possible there is more soul in the burden-bearer than in the burden.' He looked at me in astonishment, and said, 'Why, that is the dearest old deacon in the mountains.' And I said, 'If that is the dearest old deacon in the mountains, then there is hope for everybody.'" In a letter to the Rangoon *Times* an English traveller wrote as follows: "Close to police barracks at Myitta (near Siam) is a native Baptist church. There are no missionaries in the neighbourhood, but Christianity has widely spread among the Karens from the American Baptist missions in the Karen district proper. The Karen Christians observe the Sabbath with Scotch precision; no doubt its observance falls in with their happy indolent disposition

which would embrace eagerly a creed that offered them seven days of rest in the week. It is a little disconcerting for a keen sportsman, who has lost all count of the calendar in this remote corner of the world, to be told, when ready equipped for a day's shooting, that it is impossible to obtain beaters, because it is Sunday." At a point not so remote from civilization an official whipped a Christian Karen for refusing to work on Sunday.

The missionary's request for an explanation being ignored, the matter was referred to the lieutenant-governor. The official was reprimanded, and an order issued that no Christian should be compelled to work on Sunday. In his book "The Loyal Karens," Mr. Smeaton, late chief commissioner of Burma, says, "It is not often given to witness such a remarkable development of national character as has taken place among the Karens under the influence of Christianity and good government.

"Forty, aye, thirty years ago, they were a despised, grovelling, timid people, held in contempt by the Burmese. At the sound of the gospel message they sprang to their feet, as a sleeping army springs to the bugle-call. The dream of hundreds of years was fulfilled; the God who had cast them off for their unfaithfulness had come back to them, they felt themselves a nation once more. Their progress since has been by leaps

and bounds, all from an impetus within themselves, and with no direct help from their rulers; and they bid fair soon to outstrip their Burmese conquerors in all the arts of peace." By their fruits ye shall know them. Where only a few years ago were tribal wars, child-stealing, house-burning and savagery, now are quiet, orderly villages, each with its preacher and teacher, chapel and school. Rubbish and filth that they never saw while in paganism, have been cleared away. Faces are brighter, bodies better clothed, rice-bins better filled. Many of the boys and girls are away in the town school for better training than the village school can provide. Here and there, on the elevated bamboo verandas may be seen young wives who have had this better training, evidenced by their absence of fear that a clean skirt will bring upon them the eyes of the entire village. These are a few of the many changes forecast in the promise—"I will say unto them that were not My people, Thou art My people; and they shall say, Thou art my God."

About eight hundred Protestant churches, with as many pastors and evangelists, are among the more tangible results.

A Christian college for all races, theological seminaries for Karens and Burmans, the latter open to Burmese speaking candidates from other races; and a Bible training school for the young women are preparing pastors, evangelists, teach-

ers and Bible women, to meet the ever increasing demand. Already native missionaries have gone out to work among the Shans, Chins and Kachins. And still the finger of God is pointing onward,—to western China, and the region around Tibet, sources from which the races of Burma came, and where kindred races still exist.

Without dealing in uninteresting statistics, I have tried to indicate some of the conditions amid which missionary work in Burma has been, and still is being conducted, and some of the results of the work.

In spite of separations, privations, distractions, effects of climate, and other trying experiences, missionary life has its compensations. Chief among them is the satisfaction of seeing the image of God reappearing in human faces, hearts, and lives, and the privilege of helping to win a nation to Christ. This it is that keeps the missionary at his post, or hurries him back to his field from a half-rest in the home-land; while first, last, and all the time there is ringing in his ears the Master's parting message—"Go, preach the gospel to the whole creation,"—every word of which, as Dr. Ellis once said, "is a heart-beat of the Holy Ghost." In the Great Commission, and the great need he finds ample justification and obligation for vigorous and unceasing missionary effort.

After the battle of Lookout Mountain a dying

soldier, roused by a sound of shouting, said to a comrade who was supporting him—"What was that?" "Why—that's our boys! they have carried the heights, and planted the flag upon them!" With a smile the dying soldier said, "I helped put it there."

All along the mission-front the great struggle with paganism is still going on. But by and by the battles will have been fought, the victory won, and you and I will be standing with that great company which John saw at Patmos,—for it is yet future. Burmans and Karens, and people of India and China, and Africa will be there, just as it reads:

"Out of every nation, and of all tribes and peoples and tongues." And as we stand there in the presence of our Saviour,—the Lord of the Harvest,—it will be a happy day for you and me, —if we can say like the dying soldier—"I helped put them there."

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